MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, THE FARM AND THE GARDEN. THE FIRESIDE, RURAL LIFE, LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS, NEWS, &c.

AND NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURE.

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Editorial.

AUGUST ON THE FARM.

The two months past have been crowded with work. As the days become longer the work will be less pressing. Still there is enough to do, and work which will tell clearly upon the thrift and prosperity of the year. Do not those root crops need a little weeding again? Hay time has been so busy that you "liked to have forgotten them," eh? Perhaps a little thinning out here and there will improve the crop, and if there are places where plants have failed, it is not too late to sow in English turnips, which are far better than nothing. May be there are little patches among the corn, or places where early potatoes have been dug that might be filled up in the same way. Better make everything tell, you know.

Ploughing may be done with advantage this month, and if the sod is well turned it will rot down well before winter sets in. That is the advantage of ploughing now. If there are pieces of mowing land that have got "run out," or "bound out," it is often a good plan to plough them up and seed down at once, or early in September. We have known many instances where this course has proved perfectly successful. Turn over as level as possible, top dress, sow on grass seed and harrow with the Share's harrow, which is capital for levelling off without turning up the sod.

Of course old and well rotted manure is rather the best, but in the want of this, put on the best you have and give it also a little dressing of plaster, superphosphate, guano, ashes, or some other concentrated manure. Peat muck that has been treated with lime makes a good dressing for such use. Many pieces can be greatly improved by this course without the time and expense of a regular rotation of cultivated crops. But if for any reason, it is not desirable to lay down immediately, the land may be ploughed now, and left to be harrowed once or twice, which will do much to mellow the surface and kill a host of weeds. It is spring work, you see, done at a comparatively leisure time, when the teams are in far better condition than they will be in spring. It is preparing a fine and mellow seed bed for any kind of spring grain, for roots, or for potatoes.

On some farms which have swales to cut, the haying still continues, and so it does on many a salt marsh. Common meadow or swale hay is worth getting, as it will often sell for ten dollars a ton, and it certainly does not cost that to get it, even where it has to be poled out, and as to salt hay, a farmer can hardly have too much of it, unless it leads to the suicidal practice of selling off the English or upland hay, and leaving the stock to be wintered on salt hay chiefly. Where this is the case the farmer will in the end grow poorer for having salt marshes.

August is a good time for general cleaning up of pastures and rough places, by cutting the bushes, grubbing up brakes, digging rocks, and other similar work. A great deal may be done every year to improve the permanent value of the farm, increase its productive capacity, and add to its attractiveness as a home. There may be masses of weeds among the cultivated crops or along the walls or the roadsides. They should be taken up if not gone to seed and thrown to the hogs. If they have passed the period of blossoming, it is safer to throw them into a pile to dry and burn them, and thus destroy the seed. Be sure to clean up all weeds and bushes along the fences and walls. It is a terribly slovenly sight to see the walls neglected, and the bushes occupying the best part of the land. Grub them up roots and all. Only begin and you will find it will look so much better that you will be sure to put them through.

The trouble about making improvements is at the outset. Well begun is half well done, for the moment you get a little interested in it, the work will become light, and by no means unattractive.

This is about the best season of the whole year to ditch the low lands, and throw out a lot of muck to be used as manure. The more of this the better, especially on a light land farm. It is most capital for use on a gravelly or sandy soil, and may be improved to any extent by treating with lime or composting in the yard. Every farmer should have a good supply of it on hand, weathered and fit for use at all times, and now is the time to get it out.

Hogs that are to be fattened this fall may be freely fed on unthrashed pease. They are capital to begin on. They should now be confined, or as soon as you begin a regular course of feeding. The lambs should now be weaned and the rams taken away from the flock.

The practice of keeping cows and horses in the pasture by day and in the stable at night, would be better reversed this month. If stabled by day and turned out by night, they are less annoyed by flies and other insects and thrive better. In the barn they may be fed once or twice and left quiet and undisturbed to be turned out after milking at night, and brought up in the morning again. How much better than to expose them in fly time.

The thrifty and enterprising farmer will always be planning to improve his place, and for many jobs the month of August is a convenient time. But if after all, you cannot find enough to fill up the time, it will not be amiss to harness up old Bill and take the family out to drive, and look about the neighboring farms. Many a good idea will be picked up by a man who keeps his eyes and his ears open, that will repay the time and trouble.

TOADS AND THEIR UTILITY.

We pay too little attention to the small things of life. We give too little heed to the apparently insignificant, while following the greater objects. The toad, ugly and homely, receives but little of the praise which the cheerful, agile birds have given them by sentimentalists and scientists, yet his services in field and garden are fully as valuable as those of any individual bird of the farm.

Recently we have had abundant opportunity for observing the habits of these creatures, and we must confess that we were surprised and delighted at their marvellous skill in capturing small insects.

In a large vegetable garden that we frequently visit are several rows of cucumber vines planted in hills a few feet apart, with two or three vines in a hill. These vines were infested as usual with the striped cucumber beetle, often improperly called the striped cucumber bug, and various expedients were tried for the suppression of these pests. Plaster, ashes, lime, sulphur, were all tried, and each, though partially successful, failed of accomplishing a complete destruction of the insects. A number of movable chicken coops, each containing a brood of chickens, were moved into the garden and placed among the cucumber vines, but the chickens from earliest chickhood refused to eat the beetles even when they were caught and put before them. At last millinet or bobinet was covered over the vines, and the ends and corners confined beneath the surrounding soil. This proved the most successful of all the expedients tried, but nevertheless some of the insects contrived to get beneath the gauzy covering and reach the vines. These probably were hatched from eggs laid before the netting was arranged.

One or two hills of vines near the wall we noticed to be always thriving and free from insects. The foliage was green and thrifty, and the growth of vine was unchecked.—Looking carefully one day we noticed the big, wide head of a common toad peeping out from beneath a loose stone of the wall, and we conjectured that this fellow might have taken the vines under his especial care. We lifted him out and carried him to a hill of squash vines, which had a number of striped beetles infesting them, and placed him on the ground near the vines. He was a huge fellow and comical withal, fat, wide-mouthed, twinkling eyes, warty and lazy;—he gave two or three short jumps away from us when he touched the ground, and stopped beneath the vines, giving, as he paused, a glance at us, to ascertain whether we were friendly — for your toad knows a thing or two, is a good judge of physiognomy, and can tell at a glance whether one is inclined to cudgels and stones for toads or not. He saw we admired him and at once set about earning our further regard, for, as soon as he noticed the beetles devouring the squash vines, he commenced the war of extermination, and soon every striped beetle had disappeared down his throat.

The manner of capturing the insects was most interesting. Imagine a huge fat toad leaping after an active beetle, or a quick-winged butterfly, or a rapidly moving fly; it is a feat manifestly absurd. If he depended on his legs to earn him his living he would starve in a week. No, instead of legs, it is his tongue that darts, and that too in a wonderfully quick way. He quietly hops to within two or three inches of the insect, and then as quick as a flash of lightning he darts out his long, extensible tongue, and the insect is picked up with as much certainty as if the quickest bird had flown at it. We see the toad, the insect, a quick flash of red from the toad's mouth, and the insect is gone. "A word to the wise is sufficient." All the toads in highway and byway that could be obtained were introduced into the garden. A few old shingles or pieces of flat stone were placed at intervals along the squash and cucumber rows, that the toads might find homes beneath them, and in a short time the vines were freed of insects. Since then we proved the gormandizing powers of a toad to our satisfaction. Some currant bushes were overrun with the destructive currant caterpillar. Among these bushes one or two old toads had taken quarters; as we were picking the fruit one day we saw a toad jump near and seize a worm, and to give him a full meal we smartly shook a bunch of bushes, letting the worms fall to the ground. They swarmed in all directions. In the brief space of twelve minutes fifty-three had disappeared down the throat of the toad, and as we left him he was at work among them. The act of swallowing was attended with no little difficulty, the old fellow squeezing his sides with his paws, as if trying to force the worms down.

We offered a number of these caterpillars to hens and chickens, but they refused them with all disdain possible, and we now more than ever intend to cultivate toads for our own garden use.

KNOT ON PLUM TREES.

A correspondent of the American Institute Farmers' Club says that for removing knots from plum trees, he takes a paint brush, dips it in spirits of turpentine and thoroughly saturates the knot, being careful not to touch the tree except in the diseased parts. The turpentine kills the excrescence and the trees put out healthy branches below it. He burns all branches of diseased trees removed in pruning.

SMALL FRUITS.

Raspberries, blackberries, currants and gooseberries are greatly aided in their productiveness by liberal mulching. Grass and weeds, if permitted to get the upper hand, are fatal to all these fruits. Never use a hoe or a spade about them—the garden fork will perform all the needed cultivation admirably, without necessarily injuring the roots.

☞ In South Carolina 2,500,000 acres—more than half the improved land of the State—are now offered for sale.

For the Massachusetts Ploughman.

THE ROSE COLD AND SOME OF ITS REMEDIES.

BY A VICTIM.

Difficulty is experienced in obtaining medical treatment for the Rose Catarrh. Rarely will a regular practitioner undertake it. A homœopathist will sometimes venture, but seldom your true blue allopathist and member of the Massachusetts Medical Society. At most he will advise travel in Europe, a summer on the seashore, change of climate, a fishing smack voyage to the Provinces; all which are beyond the victim's means and strength. Or he may prescribe a few ancient remedies which he is honest enough to prophecy will not probably help the matter one particle. If there is any one disease a physician of the old school hates to be consulted for, it is the nasal fever. Not knowing its cause, how can he find a remedy? On the whole, our medical men are a sorely tried set of public benefactors. Constantly tempted, aye! *commanded*, to assume more knowledge than they possess, over and over again they have the courage to confess their inevitable ignorance, and then are jeered for not knowing as much about the human form divine as the Almighty Creator of it himself. It is only your quack who knows it all, and can predict a cure as readily as a shower when the rain is already falling.

So if one wants confident treatment for the hay fever, he must steer outside the regular doctors and try some extra man, who with blazing advertisements, illuminated cards and big shingle, makes catarrh his specialty.

The great difficulty lies in not distinguishing between common catarrh and the periodic form of it. Some good dame bids you take the "satharric snuff," others suggest salt, sugar, powdered camphor gum. Esculapius! the misery of such irritants, when the whole membraneous lining of the head is tender as a boil, and a sniff of smoke is enough to set one going for an afternoon.—Sneezes! We would check them, not create or increase. "Cold water," suggests somebody else. Why, cold water is the greatest excitant of all. Use the water lukewarm or even hot. Cold, it may stimulate, but will not soothe. Clear out the head?—Hippocrates! It is more than cleared out all the time. The "stuffing" is the result of inflammation which the "cleansing" occasions. To subdue the inflammation is the one thing needful, as every victim knows.

We would advise to avoid all irritating treatment and remedies; our experience has been that the vapor of alum when burning on a hot iron shovel inhaled through the nostrils is in many cases effectual. We have also known a weak solution of tartaric acid injected up the nostrils twice or three times a day to be attended with good results.—[ED.

For the Massachusetts Ploughman.

THE FARMERS' CLUB.

No. 111.

Following the course we have indicated, we come to an essay upon the proposition

WE HAVE NOT YET LEARNED TO EDUCATE GENIUS.

Genius is said by some, to be superior to talent, while by others it is called inferior. If we see a man who excels others in painting we call him a genius. If we see a man of great originality we call him a genius. If we see a man gifted with extraordinary powers of mechanical invention, we call him a genius. Now in all these cases there is a sort of inspiration which is and must be the gift of nature. It cannot be acquired by some, in so great perfection as that which in others is spontaneous. Perhaps we might say that talent is the method by which genius manifests itself to the world. It is evident then, that genius implies talent, while talent does not necessarily imply genius. Genius is spontaneous. Talent is acquired. Talent requires strength of memory, genius may exist without it.

In so far as genius is the free spontaneous inspiration of nature, it cannot be educated. But in so far as its outward manifestation goes, it can and must be acquired by education. Zera Colburn exhibited genius which never was educated. It was like an uncultivated garden. It could not be used to advantage. Hence we see that talent is often more practical than genius. In such cases we are tempted to believe that we have not yet arrived at the true idea of education. That we have not yet learned to educate genius. Our present systems do not so much call out or educate genius, as they improve talent. They make men rely too much upon others. If a system could be devised which should lead the mind on step by step, to make its own discoveries, without the assistance of others, then we might educate genius. We might, almost see its advancement. But talent is cultivated not as the assistant of genius, and with reference to it, but at the expense of genius. The mind is enriched at the expense of the heart. The grand and sublime conceptions of Milton are the thoughts of a common humanity embodied in words. What would have been the effect of our systems of education on the lofty genius of Shakspeare? What on Burns? The holy thoughts, the pure images of beauty which they so aptly expressed, we smother and kill. Their high conceptions, their images of beauty, we must learn to shape into forms of life. They must speak on the canvass, in the marble bust, in the soul thrilling music of poetry. They must start to life in every form of art, in every production of the imagination. They must be made to kindle a flame in every heart, and waken an echo in every soul. When we can do this, then we can educate genius. We can then express the inspirations which so often raise us above ourselves. We can then rightly improve the holy gifts, which God has placed in our power.

☞ Josiah Colburn of Amherst, N. H., lately felled a white pine tree from which he cut twenty logs, each twelve feet in length.

☞ Hiram Woodruff says in his book about trotting horses, that a pull on both reins will not bring up a horse when he has broken from a trot. A firm quick pull should be given on one rein, letting the other give a little, as much as you want the horse's head thrown out of line.

AMERICAN INSTITUTE FARMERS' CLUB.

NEW YORK, July 20, 1869.

The regular meeting was held this afternoon, at Room 24 Cooper Building, Mr. N. C. Ely, chairman, and John W. Chambers, secretary.

Poultry.

Mr. John Sarell, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who exhibited a very large hen's egg at a previous session, wrote as follows, in reply to certain inquiries since received: Allow me to inform those desiring to improve the breed of poultry, that the same law regulating the breed of sheep is also applicable to these birds. In order to get first class layers and first class chickens for the table, you must breed from pure breeds. The Indian fowl is best (the game fowl will answer)—crossed with the Dorking, it will produce stock unequalled. They are strong and vigorous as chickens; their flesh is white, firm, and of a fine flavor. The flabbiness of the Dorking is counteracted by the hard, grizzle flesh of the Indian fowl. I should feel a pleasure in forwarding stock to any one, if I had it to spare, but having only a city lot, 25x100 feet, there is no room to raise many.

A Cure for Bloat or Hovin.

Mr. John Hodges, of Rockdale, Crawford County, Pa., forwarded the following communication: I saw in my journal this morning that twenty cows had recently died at or near Davenport, Iowa, by being bloated from eating clover, and I hasten to inform you of an infallible cure if applied fifteen minutes before the animal would otherwise die. Take half a pint of salt and cover it with water and lay it on the animal's back over the kidneys, and have the skin thoroughly impregnated with the brine, particularly where the paunch adheres to the pleura, on the left side just back of the last long rib. I have followed droving for more than twenty years, and I learned this from a brother drover. I once turned a drove of cattle into flush feed on the Susquehanna, and a rainy evening, a little after sunset, a very fine young ox came to me with his tongue as far out as he could get it, breathing so that he might be heard twenty rods or more. I sent my boy into the house for a tin cup half full of salt, covered with water. The old Dutchman said I might calculate to take his hide off in the morning. I told him I should do no such thing. He said he would die in less than one hour; that there had more than a dozen die on his farm just so, and never one cured. He was so bad I attempted to stab him, but did not, and said I would wait five minutes to see if the brine would cure. In less than ten minutes his tongue was in his mouth, and he was chewing his cud before nine o'clock.

Wire for Fencing.

Mr. S. B. Buie, of Shoe Heel, Robeson County, North Carolina, made inquiry concerning the durability of this material for enclosing farm fields, and which kind of wire is preferable.

N. C. Ely—A few weeks ago one of our members stated that some good husbandmen in Pennsylvania had been obliged to discard wire for the purposes indicated, because the animals, particularly horses, were likely to injure themselves by rushing upon it unawares.

J. B. Lyman—In conversation with the clerk of a large iron house, I asked about the use of wire. He said they sold a good deal for grape trellis, but little for fences. In vineyards of over half an acre, most grape-growers find wire less expensive than wood and much more lasting. The kind sold for trellis is galvanized and annealed.

A. S. Fuller—It is all very well for us to disfavor the use of wire, but I feel a reasonable degree of certainty that if we were out on the great prairies of the far West, ten miles away from timber, we might be disposed to make trial even of this material.

That Horse Cough.

Mr. Daniel Williams, of Fly Creek, forwarded the following recipe in reply to the solicitation of a lady, who, at a recent session, made complaint of an afflicted pet pony: "Take two ounces each of squills, liquorice powdered, tar and honey; make into eight pills; give one pill a day for three days; then omit three days; then three more pills as before; then omit three days; then give the other two, one at a time. Roll the pills in flour to keep them from sticking."

A Cure for Sprains.

The same correspondent also sent the subjoined recipe: "To make a liniment, the best I ever used on a horse for sprains and wounds of all kinds; it is equally good for humans for sprains, lameness, rheumatism: One pint alcohol, one ounce oil organum, one ounce ammonia, one ounce camphor gum, one-half ounce oil amber. Bathe the part affected with the liniment. For humans, use one-half ounce more of ammonia."

Brook Trout.

Mr. Thomas Brush, of Brooklyn, New York, wrote that he has a spring from which flows a two inch stream of cold, clear water, "Will some of your members who have the requisite experience, inform me how many brook trout it will be safe for me to hatch and rear?"

J. M. Crowell.—This gentleman has omitted an important point. It all depends on the temperature of the water. For example: Water at forty-six or forty-eight degrees will support a great many more of the finny tribe than water at fifty-six or sixty. Let him be explicit and I can give him almost exact figures.

How to Bury a Big Boulder.

Mr. D. T. Averill, of Northfield, Vt., wrote to inquire the right way to sink large stones, such as are too heavy to remove, and are not needed for walls. It seems, he says, as if this work might be carried on without danger; if it cannot, perhaps it would be manifesting more wisdom to let the stone remain *above ground*, than to run the risk of getting one's body into a condition to need putting *under ground*.

N. C. Ely—There was a machine used on my place some years ago. It lifted the stone from a place until a hole could be dug out sufficiently large to contain it. It was then dropped in and covered over with earth. In this way some of the fields previously quite rough with mammoth boulders were made smooth and grassy.

I. P. Trimble—I fail to see the advantage of any machine. I should think it would answer the same purpose if an excavation were made at the side of the offender, and he rolled over and in. Of course the operator must look out for his toes.

S. E. Todd—The danger of premature falling to which the entomological theory might be avoided by putting a brace against the stone, and keeping it in place until the vacuum is prepared.

Lime Water and Long Wool.

The same correspondent had "read in your reports and elsewhere that lime water applied to roofs is a preservative," and he would like information as to the whole *modus operandi*. Also, "which in your opinion, all things considered, would be the most profitable breed of long-wooled sheep, for Central Vermont, where the primary object is to raise early lambs for market, the Leicester or the Coltswolds?"

S. E. Todd—In reply to question number one, I would say he should use strong white-wash and apply it hot.

N. C. Ely—Touching the other matter he might find—I say might—he would find full information in Dr. Randall's excellent work on "Sheep Husbandry."

Talk of Turnips.

Mr. Nicholas Boatz, of Birmingham, Erie County, Ohio, has a "lot of turnips which stood all winter in the ground, and are now gone to seed. Gentlemen, is this seed worth anything?"

S. E. Todd—I reply in the words of the author of "Mewonotoc," "Not a single cent."

A. S. Fuller—I have known the crop produced from this sort of seed to run to top entirely, and form no bottom at all. It yielded seed enough, of course, and for the sake of my sex I am sorry to say that a dealer came along, and the wicked husbandman sold the stock, took his money, and crowed.

Two Eggs a Day.

Mr. A. Wright, of Pedricktown, N. J., perpetrated this conundrum: "Does it often occur that a hen will lay two eggs per day, for any number of days in succession?" and then he made this statement: "Mr. Samuel Stanley, of this place, has now a hen which has been laying two eggs per day for the past ten days, and at the same time. One of them is larger than an ordinary one, and the other about the size of a quail's egg."

J. W. Gregory—I regard this as a most eggs-traordinary hen. However, I remember in classic literature that Old Grimes had such another, "and on Sundays she laid three."

Death of the Rose Destroyer.

Mrs. N. G. Davis, of Williamstown having seen many inquiries from those whose flowers are destroyed by the rose slug, wrote to say that suds of lye soap will do it if it is strong enough. I tried several years with no success, because I was afraid of using too much soap. Last year I destroyed them entirely with one application. This year only a few came and those late. One sprinkling killed those. Make a very strong suds, then put in some more soap, sprinkle the bushes thoroughly at night, when the slugs are the upper side of the leaves.

Strawberries, etc., in Kansas.

Mr. C. H. Topping, of Ottawa, forwarded a communication concerning a patch (one and a quarter acre) of strawberries in the first year of bearing. The yield was something near a hundred and fifty bushels. He further said: "I have been experimenting. Settled here eighteen months since, and was doubtful as to the adaptation of soil and climate for many kinds of fruit. The article shows the results with Wilson. I find the Jucunda strawberry a good bearer here, but too soft for shipping, and too insipid and tasteless for table. I never tried it in Southern Illinois. The Triumph De Gand, firmer and better flavored, but a shy bearer. Our soil—deep, black clay loam—so tenacious that cisterns do not need plastering—are stoned up like wells. Raspberries promise well. The Lawton blackberry froze down in the winter of 1867-8, but went through the past winter finely. Our latitude, 38 1-2 deg. The railroad has reached this place and is going twenty-five miles south this season. Immigration very large, and tending southward. Lands cheap, comparatively, but rising in value near good towns." Society excellent, because settlers are nearly all from Northern and Eastern States. Churches and schools after Eastern models. Climate desirable, with less ague and fever than I have ever known in a new country with so rich a soil, which I think is owing to the entire absence of marshes and the undulating surface of the entire country. No prairies—as flat as in Illinois and Indiana. Home demand for corn. Oats, wheat, flour, &c., in excess of the supply; therefore, prices high and likely to remain so. The first crop of corn or wheat generally will pay for the land."

H. T. Williams—This record of strawberry venture calls to mind something I heard during a recent visit to the Hub, a provincial town, of late somewhat celebrated on account of the great organ, and, later still, as the scene of the peace jubilee. Well, it appears there is an acre and a half in the suburbs, worth three or four thousand dollars, which is planted with strawberries. This year's yield was 8,500 quarts, which sold for $2,500. This is the largest crop I have ever known. The variety was Scott's Lady of the Lake.

Economy of Fuel in Summer Cooking.

A correspondent at Watertown, who ought not to withhold his name, forwarded the following, which he regards as valuable, "because it may lead to decreased consumption of wood as fuel, and thereby tend to preserve our forests:" Put coal upon the grate to the depth of about three inches, and more if the fire box is deep. Upon this light a wood fire, and any one trying it will be surprised at the quantity of heat which a small amount of fuel will produce. Keep the coal constantly on the grate, and supply the waste (which will be very slow), so as to maintain the required depth. An occasional shaking of the grate will be necessary for the draught of air through the coal. By following this suggestion, the trouble of changing grates, brick lining, &c., will be avoided, and if for any purpose a heavy coal fire is wanted, the stove is all ready as in winter. The philosophy of this method (which will readily occur to any one giving it attention) is this: In most stoves in which wood is burned the arrangements for the draught are such that a large portion of the air passes into the stove without passing through the ignited fuel, and is heated merely by reflection. This, of course, lessens the intensity of the heat in the stove. When the grate is covered with coal the draught is, of course, through its interstices, which is sufficient to supply combustion, and the coal, soon becoming warmed, the air passing through it also thus produces the effect, in a small way, of the hot air blast in smelting furnaces.

Heading off Grasshoppers.

Mr. W. W. Rumford, of Tule, Tulare County, Cal., wrote that he had discovered a remedy against the grasshopper, that so far seems perfect, for the protection of trees. This is the *modus operandi*. Trim them up four or five feet from the ground, then put a disk of smooth tin, funnel shaped, just beneath the lowest branch, large end downward. If the bark of the trunk is tender, protect with matting. The grasshopper does not jump high, but crawls up the tree or stalk of a plant. In this way they will go to the top of a telegraph pole. I also have some small trees protected by gauze netting. They rarely injure early sown grain, as it is too near ripe before their advent. I have three trees with heads only twenty inches from the ground, protected by the tin discs, and so far they are safe, although the ground around is alive with the passing horde. I have sat by the hour to see them climb up the tin, and then climb down again.

Fruit and Forest Trees.

Mr. S. Fickett, of Milbridge, Me., wrote that he has half an acre which he wishes to set out with fruit and forest trees. "It is overrun with what we term wild rye or witch grass." Mr. Gregory said the plant is often sown in seeding down land, and it is well known as a variety of which cattle are fond.

Cure for Chilblains.

Mr. L. G. Tanner, of Centreville, Alleghany County, New York, solicited a cure for chilblains, with which it appears he is sorely afflicted. He has had five physicians, and yet gets no relief. He says he knows that a "lump of blue vitriol as large as a chestnut, dissolved in a pint of water and applied several times in the first stages of the disease, will generally remove the itching and burning sensation." It used to help me but does not now. It should not be used when the skin is broken." In conclusion Mr. Tanner craved a prescription from the doctors of the club. Prof. Vanderweyde advised him to keep away from the medicine men for a while and see if kind nature would not come to his relief. Then there was further talk and adjournment a half hour behind time.

OXEN vs. HORSES.

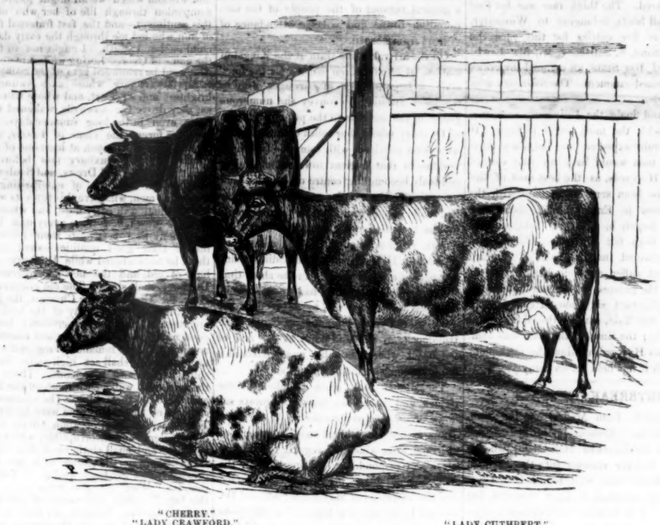
A writer in the *Hearth and Home* says:—"Hill farms are worked most advantageously with oxen, the plains with horses. Upon a prairie grain farm, unobstructed by stick or stone, the ox can be spared as a worker, after the last natural sod is turned. He may have a half holiday life, for which he is well fitted by nature (in view of his chances of making 'holiday beef,') in assisting and supplementing the horse in the hurry of seed time and harvest. Unless the French *savans* give us all a relish for horse soups and roasts, the ox may remain, in his character of meat producer, with working possibilities, on many smooth farms, especially such smooth farms as lie adjacent to a hilly country. His position is the more secure, as there is yet no adequate supply of horses bred purely and simply for heavy work.

The different periods in the growth of a country are attended by a change in the working cattle. In clearing timber land, the ox is indispensable. When the "stump period" is passed, and the soil is adapted to easy tillage, horses multiply. Later, when the plough is not alone profitable, and manufacturers come in with an increase of population, requiring better roads, bridges and buildings, and the transport of stone, brick, coal and lumber, and all the "rough and tumble" of modern improvements—we welcome the ox again.

The ox and horse fare best when employed upon the same farm, each doing the work for which he is best fitted. The simple and inexpensive harness necessary for oxen, the little time required to prepare them for work, the rapidity with which they are shifted from the tongue to the chain, their general trustiness and steadiness make them especially useful in straightforward, heavy work, in all weathers. Horses, with a light artillery of carts and wagons, relieve the ox of quick steps and accidental, and express jobs upon the highway. In the employment of both horses and oxen, there is an opportunity not only to use the animals best fitted for the work in hand, but also to favor the natural prejudices of workmen. The old country lad, though unused to oxen, may distinguish himself with a horse and cart, while a good ox driver is half thrown away on a horse team."

CLOVER.—Clover ploughed in has three effects. It gives vegetable mould. The roots bring to the soil plant food out of the subsoil; and the acid produced when the decay is going on, aids in dissolving the mineral parts of the soil. In granite lands this last is of as much importance as either of the others.

THOROUGH-BRED AYRSHIRES.



"CHERRY." "LADY CRAWFORD." "LADY CUTHBERT."

THE PROPERTY OF N. S. WHITNEY, MONTREAL, P. of Q.

The Stable.

STABLES IN SUMMER.

With most farmers considerable pains is taken to make stables warm and comfortable for stock in winter, and this is as it should be; but there is another matter connected with stable management, fully equal in importance, which is very sadly neglected, and that is free ventilation in summer. Very many stables upon farms and in villages, are built of brick, or clapboarded if made of wood, without windows, and through the sultry nights of summer, horses, and often cows, are kept confined here, breathing the air contaminated by the ammonia which arises from their own filth, and the effect of this is loss of appetite, disease of the lungs and a decline of strength.

One-half the injury will not arise from keeping a horse in a cold stable during winter, that will come from close confinement in summer, for animals were given a robe to shield them from cold; but no shield is given to avert the serious effects of inhaling for hours at a time a poisoned atmosphere.

Some means should be devised to give a free circulation of air through the stable, if it has to be done by leaving the barn doors open; and the stalls should be kept clean and sweet by the use of saw dust, straw or dry earth. We do not approve of using lime, ashes, or anything of the kind as a purifier, for it is injurious to the hair and skin of the animal.

Where horses are made to stand upon a plank floor, the stable is liable to become very much more impure than under other circumstances, for the liquids will run through and form a pool beneath, which will continually send up a noxious odor as of strong hartshorn. To avert this, fill the cavity below the floor with sods or loam, and clean the same out two or three time during the season. Thus a large amount of the very best of manure may be gained, and the comfort of the animals kept in the barn promoted.

The importance of cleaning the floor of the stable often, cannot be too earnestly urged, for in hot weather the collections here are alive with maggots in a few days, if left undisturbed, and this is a positive proof of its unhealthfulness and impurity. Where the horse is not in use, the stall should be renovated morning and evening.—*Ohio Farmer.*

THE WAY TO BLANKET HORSES.

But few persons comparatively understand how to apply a blanket to a horse to prevent him from contracting a cold. We frequently see the blanket folded double and across the rump and a part of the animal's back, leaving those parts of the body which need protection entirely exposed to the cold.

Those parts of the body of a horse which surround the lungs require the benefit of a blanket in preference to his flanks and rump. When we are exposed to a current of cold air, to guard against any injury from contracting cold, we shield our shoulders, neck, chest and back. If these parts be protected, the lower part of the body will endure a degree of cold far more intense, without any injury to the body, than if the lungs were not kept warm with suitable covering. The same thing holds good in the protection of horses. The blanket should cover the neck, withers and shoulders, and brought around the breast and buttoned or buckled together as closely as a man buttons his overcoat when about to face a driving storm. Let the lungs of a horse be kept well protected with a heavy blanket, and he will seldom contract a cold, even if the hindmost parts of his body are not covered.

Many of our best teamsters protect the breasts of their horses by a piece of cloth about two feet square, hanging down from the lower end of the collar. This is an excellent practice in cold weather, as the most important part of the animal is constantly sheltered from the cold wind, especially when travelling toward a strong current. The forward end of horse blankets should be made to fit as closely around the breast of a horse as our garments fit our bodies. Most horses take cold as readily as men, if not blanketed while standing after exercising sufficiently to produce perspiration. So long as a horse is kept in motion, there is little danger of his suffering from cold; but allow him to stand for a few minutes without a blanket to protect his shoulders and lungs, and he will take cold sooner than men.—*Ex.*

EXPERIMENTS.

Every farmer should make experiments with different kinds of manure applied to his crops or to a portion of them in various ways; also in a thick and thin sowing, picking seed, etc. In Belgium where the value of manure is understood, the farmers top dress their wheat crops in spring with deodorizer nightsoil, which is composed of the contents of privies so thoroughly mixed with fine muck, or cold ashes, so as to have no offensive smell. An excellent top dressing may be made of leached ashes and muck saturated with liquid manure. Experiments should also be made with various manures as a top dressing for grass land. Some varieties of wheat, barley, oats, and corn are better suited to certain soils than others; experiments should be made in order to ascertain which are best adapted to the soil of the locality in which the crops are raised. A great deal of useful information may be derived from simple, inexpensive experiments.—*Western Rural.*

☞ Many English farmers feed no hay to their work horses, but keep them in high working order with straw, roots and shorts. The equivalent of twelve tons of hay can be produced on one acre in roots.

The Poultry Yard.

BE PLEASANT TO YOUR POULTRY.

In the first place, gentle reader, pray listen to an English writer of repute: "The more notice there is taken of fowls we believe the better they will do. In a natural state they would, no doubt, lay a batch or two of eggs in the season, hatch them, and consider the end of egg production fulfilled. In a domesticated state we wish them to rear the advisable number of broods, and in addition to continue to lay eggs as many months in the year as is commensurate with their well doing; therefore, the further we can remove them from the wild state to perfect domestication—that is the tamer we can make them—the better for ourselves and their happiness. Notice, therefore, the young broods and the old fowls, and let the children notice them, and good results will come of it."

Aside from other and higher considerations, it pays in a money point of view to be pleasant to your poultry. We believe the great success of Warren Leland with the feathered forces at "Highland Farm" is largely due to the fact that the head of his army, General McGuire, like Hannibal of old, knows the name of, and is on speaking terms with every member of the legion.

Of course the same principle holds equally true with other domesticated animals. For example, Mr. Wells, of Westerfield (by many regarded as the best farmer in Connecticut), has found great advantage in being very considerate of the welfare of his score or more of cows. He has even ascertained that any continuous noise, as of a fanning mill, about the stable has such effect upon the nervous system as to cause perceptible falling off in the flow of milk. No dog is tolerated about the place. There must be repression of rampant ways on the part of Irishmen. The bars are let down and the butter makers walk leisurely out. They are petted and caressed. The consequence is they yield flowing pails, and they wear such cheerful and contented faces and such mild expression of eye as we verily believe would do the kind heart of Henry Bergh vast good to contemplate.—*N. Y. World.*

HOW TO MAKE TURKEYS USEFUL.

In Normandy where the Creve Cœurs are principally raised, they have a curious way of hatching the eggs. As the hens of this breed are not much inclined to set, and are at best only ordinary mothers, the peasant women have a fashion of pressing young hen turkeys into the service. This they do in the following way:—Take a hen turkey of the previous year that has never laid, and put her in a basket containing plaster eggs. Cover this basket with a strong linen cloth. It will be from four to six days before she will overcome her natural disinclination to set, and become attached to the eggs, or, as the French hive it, "take an affection for them." When the prejudice is entirely overcome, they place the real eggs under, she easily covering eighteen or twenty of them. The covering is removed and the innocent turkey accomplishes the task assigned her without further trouble save that it is necessary to remove her once a day that she may partake of refreshment. If this is not done, these "setters" sometimes starve to death, rather than voluntarily leave their charge, so great is their forced affection. After hatching, the little chicks are placed in charge of another turkey, and the mother supplied with a new lot of eggs, continues her mission. These young turkeys are made to hatch three or four "litters" in a season.—*English Agricultural Gazette.*

OX-EYE DAISY, OR WHITE WEED.

This undesirable weed has been long known in the eastern portions of the United States, and in the early part of summer, fields that are thickly infested with it appear almost as dazzling white in the sunshine as a sheet of newly fallen snow on a clear day in winter. We remember several years ago, when standing on a high piece of table-land in the south-eastern corner of Pennsylvania and looking at the faint and distant fields of New Jersey, some fifteen miles off, of being puzzled to account for their white appearance, like snow ridges, even in a warm day of summer. We afterwards found that the whiteness came from the millions, or billions of flowers of the ox-eye daisy, stretching for miles across the country.

As the Colorado potato bug comes east, the ox-eye daisy goes west. Where they will meet remains to be seen. In a recent ride through a part of the country where this weed was scarcely known some years ago, it was now observed in such abundance that on looking out the car windows as we shot swiftly past the banks where deep cuttings had been made, we were reminded of Bryant's description of the snow shower,

As myriads by myriads, madly chased,
Stream down the snows, till the air is white.

In most cases, the ox-eye is an indication of too long a continuance of permanent meadows or pastures. It always is a proof of slip-shod farming. A good, well managed rotation will keep this weed under or out.—Hoed crops, with the horse-hoe passing as often as once a week, and hand-hoeing as may be necessary, with densely sown and heavy masses of clover, and frequent alternations of the different crops which occupy the ground,—will soon diminish the weed so much that hand-pulling may easily clear it out. Constant and clean cultivation is hard upon it, and clover crowds it severely,—not thinly sown clover, with bare patches, but with a peck and a half of seed to the acre, on a fine, rich, mellow surface where it will germinate freely and grow well. Weeds as well as insects must be met by diligence and industry.—*Country Gentleman.*

STEAM PLOUGH AND STEAM ROAD ROLLER.

NEW YORK, 43 Exchange Place, July 22, 1869.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

SIR:—A paragraph, in substance the same as the one appended, has just reached me from England, and I have thought that you may possibly deem it of sufficient interest to insert it in your paper, and for this purpose I have ventured to send it you.

I am Sir, yours respectfully,
W. CHURCHILL OASTLER.

At Beauvais, France, June 30th, was exhibited the Steam Plough and Steam Road Roller of Messrs. Aveling & Porter, of Rochester, England and 43

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1869.

☞ We expect to be able to publish in next week's *Ploughman*, the Official Report of all the committees connected with the recent great *Trial of Mowers* on the grounds of the Agricultural College, at Amherst, Mass. Orders for extra copies should be sent in without delay.

NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURAL FAIR.

MAINE AND HER RECEPTION.

Maine may be considered remarkable in this respect, that she is in the long future to draw her sustenance and wealth from land and sea together. The produce of one is always to complement the yield of the other. It is, indeed, a double source of prosperity. Holland has grown rich and powerful from its foreign commerce alone, its agriculture being no more than mere horticulture, with its carpet-like verdure, its finically neat lands, and its minute style of farming operations. Had the thrifty natives possessed the vast interior tracts which form the body of the great State of Maine, there is no estimating the extent of their double wealth to-day.—Maine has been renowned in the past for its fishing enterprise,—for its building, equipping, and sailing of vessels, particularly in the coastwise and West India trade,—and for its immense and regular supplies of lumber. By these three leading industries she has attained to her present status and strength. Farming has been pushed energetically along the coast line for a certain breadth of miles, and up the rich alluvium lands on the courses of the rivers. Manufacturing, too, has established itself widely, and mechanical pursuits have been prosperously productive. And though agriculture has ever been followed and honored there, it has not been as a leading pursuit, like that of ship building, of lumbering, or of fishing.

But the accumulation of large amounts of capital by the efforts of an industrious population, the opening of the country and closer connection of its distant parts by railroads, the free use of steam in travel and navigation, the multiplication of labor-saving inventions, and especially of the implements of husbandry, united to the stimulus imparted to all branches of social life by the larger movements of the age, have suddenly opened an entirely new era for a great State whose territorial area has lain virgin, as it were, since its discovery; and we now rejoice over the new start of Maine in agricultural effort, with as much joy as if it were altogether a fresh discovery for the operations of the farmer. This cannot in any sense be taken as derogatory to the character of the soil or the population of Maine. On the contrary, it is an admission in favor of both, viz., that the former still contains resources capable of yielding wealth to the cultivator, and that the latter have been occupied with other matters to such splendid advantage.—If it is men who make a State, then the soil that sustains such a vigorous, hardy, and thrifty population as that of our sister tate of Maine, must possess all the elements required for an advanced civilization.

The people, too, are at this time manifesting the most enthusiastic interest in the farming occupation, resolved to expend on it the same prodigality of energy and industry which is their striking characteristic. Their growing local markets naturally stimulate production near them; and as this steadily extends, railroads are pushing their way here and there on errands of traffic and travel, and agriculture at once helps to sustain and is in them sustained by their construction. New England will go over to Maine in September to congratulate the farthest Eastern State upon her progress quite as much as to compete with her enterprising agriculturists in a show of productions. The feeling will be as much one of delight as of competition. And we have ample assurances, direct and indirect, that in no respect will the universal expectation, continually becoming more eager, be disappointed. The agricultural event of the year will be the reception by Maine of her sister New England States.

A CRISIS AVERTED.

The Irish Church bill has been the occasion of a political excitement in England unknown since the days of the reform bill, but it was of short duration, owing to the good sense, prudence and moderation of the majority of the House of Lords, who foresaw the danger to their privileges, and to the constitution, if their strong conservatism should be any longer upheld in the face of the strong and decided expression of the popular will. The bill, it will be recollected, as passed in the Commons, was essentially amended in the House of Lords, and on its coming up again in the Commons, the original important points were adhered to with a degree of firmness somewhat ominous and threatening to the persistency of the Peers. On coming up again in the Lords, that body refused to recede from one of its amendments by a majority of 153 to 95.

The sentiment of the press and the people was aroused. A crisis was reached. The Upper House had rushed into collision with the government, Commons and the country, on a vital point on which the verdict of the people had been most decided, and a second time they had adhered to their determination to overrule that verdict. The cabinet deliberated; the press throughout the land indulged in threatening articles against the character and importance of the Lords as a constitutional body of legislators. The threat meant that by a prerogative of the crown rarely if ever called into exercise, a sufficient number of new peers would be created from the members of the liberal party to overcome the conservative majority, and a more stringent and sweeping bill would be introduced and passed, more dangerous to the Church, and further encroaching on the so called vested rights secured by immemorial law.

Whether awed by the position assured by the minority, and by the strong external pressure, or convinced that the passage of the bill was necessary to the peace and harmony of the country, on resuming the debate on the amendments on Thursday the 22d, a change was visible in the temper of the Peers, and in the short time that had elapsed the conservative leaders had met the ministers, and agreed upon a compromise, which does not clearly appear from the brief telegrams of the debate, but such as it was it was accepted with apparent cheerfulness by the majority, and good feeling was at once restored. Mutual congratulations were exchanged on the altered state of affairs, and the next day the compromise bill was passed in the Commons, with the approval of the leaders of the opposition. Mr. Disraeli said the compromise was not an unconditional surrender. The most essential points in the amendments had been assented to and he thought that the House and country would deem the compromise fair and just. Surely all would hail with satisfaction and ratify with pleasure the settlement arrived at, which was satisfactory and statesmanlike. Thus a great measure of public policy, which has agitated the English people more than any question for a series of years, has been adjusted on a secure foundation which will go far towards promoting the prosperity and happiness of a large portion especially of the people of Ireland.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT. *Col. J. A. Harwood*, of Littleton, Mass., the merits of whose Shorthorn stock have frequently been set forth in the columns of the *Ploughman*, has presented to us a finely executed large size portrait of her ladyship "Mattie Newell," embellished in a neat and well-proportioned frame of the rustic style, which we propose shall grace the walls of our sanctum. The Colonel will please accept our thanks.

THE COLLEGE REGATTAS.

Last Friday afternoon, Lake Quinsigamond, near Worcester, was the scene of the annual aquatic sports, which have made this beautiful sheet of water almost classical for the last few years. There was the usual crowded attendance of spectators, and the weather was much more favorable for the enjoyment of the sport, than has been the case of late years, the usual heavy showers being omitted. The races were four in number, two for Worcester boats, and those of the Freshmen and University crews of Harvard and Yale. The scene at the lake at the time of the commencement of the rowing matches, was very lively and animated, all the available places near the race course being occupied by spectators, and there were probably in the neighborhood of ten thousand present.

The first race was for four oared Worcester boats of the lapstreak build, distance three miles. The boats entered were the Excelsior, P. F. Curran, and Water Witch. This race was won by the Curran, in 23m. 50s. The second race was between the two Freshmen crews of Harvard and Yale, and of course there was considerable interest shown by the numerous friends of the two crews. The Yale crew had been trained by one of the Wards, and the Harvard had cared for themselves. The race was very exciting, but the Harvards soon took the lead, and came in ahead, in 19m. 30s., to Yale's 19m. 58 1-2s. Each of these boats was six oared. The third race was for four oared shell boats, belonging to Worcester. There were five entries for this race, the Quinsigamond, S. Salisbury, Jr., Ida Lewis, Union, and Bay State, all manned by crews of experienced oarsmen. The Salisbury won in 19m. 26s.

The grand finale, the University race, was awaited with the most eager interest. It was generally expected and admitted that the Yale men would have an easy victory over the Harvards, as the best men of the latter have been sent to contend with the Oxford crew in England. The bets were therefore largely in favor of Yale, but the Harvard boys felt the responsibility, and were determined that the credit of Harvard should not suffer at their hands. In the midst of the greatest excitement and cheering, the Harvard six came in two lengths ahead of the Yale, making the three miles in 18m. 2s; the time of the Yale was 18m. 11s. Thus Harvard retains the championship which it has held for so many years.

OUTBREAK IN SPAIN.

A despatch from Madrid on the 26th, states that the apprehensions of disturbance from the adherents of Don Carlos, who is reported to have crossed into the Spanish territory have been well founded. At last the Carlist outbreak, so long expected, has occurred. Five hundred well drilled troops, under the command of Gen. Sabariegos, have taken the field near Ciudad Real, where they were defeated and despatched by the national troops, commanded by Gen. Fornobeti. The battle took place in the morning, and it is reported that the Carlist party lost fifteen in killed and a number of others who were wounded. Only three officers are reported killed on the side of the government troops. Near the town of Manganaries a strong party of the Carlists made a demonstration, and subsequently succeeded in intercepting the railroad trains and cutting the telegraph wires. The latest accounts state that 4000 Carlists had arrived in the province of La Mancha, and the government troops had been despatched to the scene of action. The agitation is general throughout the whole country, and the people are much excited from the late news. No further hostilities have, as yet, been reported, although it is feared that a general rising may be expected all over Spain, now that Don Carlos has crossed the frontier and opened communication with his numerous partisans.

The attempt made by the Carlists to take Pampeluna, in Navarre, was frustrated by the garrison. Several men were killed and wounded on both sides. Arrests of Carlists continue to be made in Madrid.

NAPOLEON'S BODY GUARD.

We frequently hear of the Emperor Napoleon alone, or with the Empress and attendants, riding in different parts of Paris, unattended by any body guard, or retinue of soldiers, and of the popular enthusiasm usually manifested wherever he appears. A Paris correspondent says that the government has in its pay a body of 1,200 men, who precede or accompany the imperial family on all its expeditions, and continually change their disguises, so as to avoid observation. Their business is to prepare for the reception of their Majesties, to get up an enthusiasm when the population is disconcerted or indifferent, to watch for the first evidence of plots against the life of the Emperor, and to surround his person when they have reason to apprehend that an attempt is about to be made against it. This force is quite distinct from what is called the Secret Police, and has a separate organization and chiefs of its own. When, therefore, the Minister talks of "the noble example of courage and confidence," which was given by their Majesties on the occasion of the recent riots, we must not, in our admiration of such qualities, lose sight of the fact that at every step of their progress they were surrounded by a little army of spies and defenders, who not only made themselves hoarse with cheering, but kept a lynx eyed watch on the movements of all the persons in the crowd, whose manner of appearance suggested motives for suspicion.

DEATH OF HON. W. S. LELAND.

Many of our readers will be surprised and grieved to hear of the death of Hon. W. S. Leland of the Highland district, which took place last Monday. He was attacked about six weeks ago by a weakness of the stomach and loss of appetite, and after a short confinement at his house went to Conway, hoping that the invigorating mountain air would restore his wonted good health. But his disease soon proved itself to be a tumor in the stomach, which reduced him so rapidly that he was just able to be conveyed to his home last Saturday in a very weak and emaciated condition. He failed rapidly until Monday evening when he peacefully passed away. He was a man of most robust health and constitution, and seemed good for many years of useful life. He was for some years Judge of Probate for Norfolk County, succeeding his father in that office, and was universally considered the equal if not the superior of any judge on the bench. After leaving the bench he soon rose into a large professional practice, being principally engaged in the management of important trusts and matters connected with the settlement of estates. He had a large circle of friends and clients, and there are few members of the profession whose loss would be more felt than that of Judge Leland. As a Judge he was firm and upright, kind hearted and the real friend of the widow and orphan. He led a pure and honorable life, and his death is widely lamented. His age was forty-four, and he leaves a widow and two children.

POST OFFICE CHANGES. The following New England Post Office changes have been made:

Offices re-established — Cape Elizabeth, Maine, Freeman Evans, Postmaster; Northfield, Maine, James Barnard, Postmaster.

Sites changed—Dover South Mills to the centre of the town, and Edwin Hill appointed Postmaster, vice W. N. Magoon, superseded; West Avon, Conn., to Allen Station, on the railroad, Martin Judd, Postmaster, vice Corydon Woodford, superseded.

Postmasters appointed—John D. Doyle, Conway, Me., vice Elanor Doyle, resigned; E. G. Deslle, East Eden, Me., vice J. H. Hamon, resigned.

DUXBURY AND THE CABLE.

Last Friday, the 23d, quite unexpectedly to the community and to all persons interested, the steamships Chiltern and Scandinavia, with the cable from St. Pierre, arrived off Duxbury, having laid the line from St. Pierre to Duxbury in a shorter time than was anticipated. The agents of the company immediately went down from Boston and steps were at once taken to connect the shore end of the cable with the main line which was completed on Saturday, and the whole line found to be perfect. It has been in full and complete operation since that time, although the line from Duxbury to Boston will take some few days to complete. The signals are found to be all that could be expected, and about eight words per minute between here and Brest, are found to be the capacity of the cable. It is expected that it will be increased to twelve words a minute. Duxbury was selected for the American terminus after mature deliberation and consultation with the officers of the coast survey, as the most advantageous place on the Massachusetts shore.

A celebration in honor of the occasion was immediately arranged to take place on Tuesday at Duxbury, under the management of a committee of which S. N. Gifford, Esq., of Duxbury, was chairman, and invitations were extended to quite a number of distinguished gentlemen to be present, including members of the press. The celebration consisted of a salute, a dinner and speeches, and there was a general turnout of the people of the surrounding towns, and a large attendance of visitors from abroad.

On the arrival of the train at the Kingston station, at about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, a large number of carriages were in readiness awaiting to convey the numerous guests of the occasion to the principal village of Duxbury, about four miles distant, and all were soon provided with some kind of conveyance to that ancient town, which had so suddenly become the centre of interest and attraction. The people and the committee had made extensive and ample arrangements for the reception and entertainment of their guests, and a mammoth tent was erected on Abraham's Hill, a point commanding a fine prospect of sea and land. In the short time before dinner the visitors had an opportunity to see what there was to be seen of the work on the cable line, and on visiting the Hummock, an elevated point at the end of the beach where the cable was landed and the house erected for its reception.

The dinner took place at about three o'clock, and about six hundred guests sat down under the spacious tent. At the close of the dinner Mr. Gifford made a speech of welcome, after which the regular toasts were given and responded to by speeches by the distinguished guests present. We give below the addresses of Mayor Shurtleff and Dr. George B. Loring, the latter of whom spoke in response to a toast sent in by an old lady resident of Duxbury. The addresses were all eloquent and interesting, and the festivities lasted until it was time to return by the eight o'clock train to Boston. The celebration in every respect was a grand success.

Address of Mayor Shurtleff.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: For your courtesy to the city of Boston, which I have the honor to represent on this occasion, and for the very respectful manner in which the sentiment just expressed has been received, I thank you sincerely, in behalf of its citizens and municipal authorities. Boston cannot be indifferent to the success of the great enterprise the accomplishment of which you are here assembled to commemorate in a most honorable manner. We of the city rejoice with you in this memorable achievement. We hail it as another link that will bind us in harmony and friendship with the old world, and multiply our resources by the almost annihilation of time and space. Let us join you, then, in most hearty congratulations for the results which will ensue to you and to all of us in consequence of the happy completion of scientific and mechanical labors, which, through the medium of your ancient commerce, will unite the remotest parts of our new world to that which gave birth to our forefathers more than two and a half centuries ago. Let the relations of the old world and the new, now so close in thought and word, long continue; and may this union of continents and people advance civilization, and encourage all those good arts and acts which shall ensure for the wide world a future of universal peace, and a repetition of millennial periods, everlasting in duration, over regions of unbounded space.

When I cast a thought, Sir, upon what is now going on in this usually most quiet of all places, and behold all the merrymaking and pleasantries of the day—vividly reminding me of the gala days of my own native city when personal liberty was compatible with good government—and when my mind reverts to bygone days, when, Sir, my own forefathers were the guardians of this soil, I cannot but think of that gallant little band of pilgrims, who, leaving the land of their birth and heritage, sought, in the most inclement season of the year, under the severest hardships, a home upon this very shore—that here they might enjoy the greatest of all earthly privileges, liberty of conscience and the right to worship God according to their own belief and their own inward dictates. Can I forget, Sir, can you forget, that we now tread upon ground which they have hallowed? Here, even beneath our feet, are the identical sods upon which those venerated men once trod. Beside these hills and within these valleys once dwelt the patriarchs whose names are now our household words. Need I tell you that here once lived and honestly toiled that venerable man of God, the reverend Brewster? that on yonder hill, with the first christianized aborigines of New England, the valiant and undaunted Standish had his abode? that, dotted around us, were once the habitations of those useful public servants, Collier and the Southworths, and that gallant (or perhaps I should say ungallant) Alden, the cooper boy, who circumvented the redoubtable Captain and won the blushing Priscilla? You may yet feel happy in the remembrance that upon yonder green and ever pleasant island our pilgrim forefathers—safely escaped from the raging billows—first, on the land of their hopes—on the land of liberty—worshipped unmolested and untrammelled the God of Isarel, the God of their fathers, their own God; and there spent their first Christian Sabbath in Pilgrim New England giving thanks for their merciful deliverance, and invoking the blessings of their Heavenly Father to strengthen their resolutions, sustain their principles, preserve them from pestilence and savage beasts, and to increase and multiply them as a Christian and law abiding people.

Could time permit, Sir, I would ask you to pass with me over the placid waters that skirt your shores, and visit for a moment that once peaceful Saquish, now, indeed, threatening with the appurtenances of war, but once the friendly refuge in the half starving days of the needy pilgrims, that gave the first nourishment to our perishing fathers. We could visit with the eye, from your Captain's mound, Old Plymouth, and its glorious remembrances, the Pilgrims' Spring that assuaged the thirst of the first comers, the lofty mound where first aboriginal accents kindly welcomed the weary pilgrim, the sacred hill where sleep so many of the fathers, and hills and valleys innumerable where once the fathers worked and prayed and nurtured that spirit of freedom which has secured to Americans the glorious privileges we of the present day claim as our birthrights.

And now, Mr. Chairman, in closing my remarks, let me say that the important event which you are now commemorating should not pass off as an affair of to-day. Let the old spirit of indomitable perseverance that brought our fathers to this spot, increase the exertions of your people. Let them rouse their latent energies and awaken to renewed vigor and useful thrift. Before the sounds of our retreating feet are heard upon your roads, let yours be loud upon your hearth stones; and there resolve that Duxbury shall once again be the borough of the leaders, that here shall be wharves and warehouses, railways and their concomitant enterprises and business. And, then happy may be considered the day that the great French cable, for transatlantic communication, was landed and securely fastened upon your shores. Then will prosperity, thrift and happiness be to abide with you.

Address of Dr. George B. Loring.

Mr. President and Ladies and Gentlemen; When the mariner has been tossed for many days on an unknown sea and in thick weather, he avails himself of the first lull in the storm, the break in the cloud, and turns to the first glance of the sun, that he may take a new observation and ascertain, if possible, where on the earth's surface himself and his ship may be. "I call for the reading of the resolution"—"The memory of the past generation of shipmasters and shipbuilders of old Duxbury." We are at last, thank God, at home once more. We tread the dear old native soil. We are called to the association of those whom we have known and loved and seen face to face. I have followed the distinguished gentlemen who have preceded me—have been carried back to the days of the Pilgrims—have listened to the policies of States; have heard how a half century before Christ, submarine labors were performed beneath the waters of the old Italian rivers; have been borne to the ends of the world on the wings of commerce—and now I come back with you to this spot with all its memories and charming associations. I congratulate myself that I have been allowed to respond to the toast offered by the venerable lady of this town, with whom my relations are so intimate, and whose virtues adorn the home which some of us have loved so well. "The old shipmasters and shipbuilders of Duxbury!" What memories do their names awaken! Their lives form a part of that history of this town, which makes it a remarkable illustration of the advancement and progress for which this age is distinguished. They gave Duxbury a name in all the great markets of the world, and made it a familiar household word in Antwerp and Hamburg and Liverpool and London, long ago, in the vigorous periods of commerce, and when the names of the Giffords and Thomases, who clothe it with modern renown, were yet unknown. Forty years ago, sir, I was told along that beach now so famous, a mere child, listening to the words of these very men, who are now gone. I shall never forget them. From that day to this has gone with me the memory of George Loring, the firm and honest and reliable Puritan, bearing in his veins the blood of John Alden, and presenting in his daily life an example of integrity and wisdom which we all might follow—the companion through life of her who offered this sentiment—and the fast friend of friend of him who led me through the early days of childhood and youth. I ought not to forget the name of George Loring while I live. And who need be reminded here of the Sampsons, that stalwart race whose axes swung the brightest and sharpest, and whose hammers, as they drove the treenails, wakened me at dawn, even in the long summer days. Can I ever forget the name of Frazer, whose virtues have fallen upon at least one of those worthy sons of Duxbury now before me. And the Smiths, and Drews, and Soules, and Westons—a long list of enterprising and honorable men, who gave this town its wealth and distinction in early days, and whose service has now fallen upon many now before me—many who perpetrate their names and inherit their good qualities—shall not all these be remembered while Duxbury—dear old Duxbury—old and new and regenerated Duxbury, shall stand? The old ships may be gone, the Cherokee, the Choctaw, the Susan Drew, models in their day of the best naval architecture, may have perished; but the good name of their builders and master still remains, and will remain so long as the commercial world shall set high value on solid ships and honest merchants. These were the men who walked with me on the beach, and these are their ships. The manners and customs of the olden time were theirs still. The venerable form of John Alleyn, the old divine, stern and incorruptible, with his silk stockings and small clothes and white cravat, stands before me in the group, with his hands pressed upon my head, asking in tones of thunder "What are you going to do with this boy?"—while the sands of the beach seemed opening beneath my feet, and the awful weight of an old theological verdict seemed to crush me to the earth. But now comes the modern picture. "May the electric spark now kindled so animate the coming generation that it may worthily fill the places filled by the past." That energy which once gave Duxbury its renown, and which has slumbered so long, has now a new opening field of labor. All the modern achievements in art, and science and literature and life are now before them. Their little quiet town has sprung by sudden impulse into new life. Through it now throbs one of the arteries of a busy and toiling, and vigorous and progressive world. It is the portal through which in an instant the thought of the great empire is transmitted. May it be a portal of peace. There now appear before us the three great powers of the world—France, England and the United States—bound together in a common service, and one of the bonds is here. This triple alliance may accomplish much if made for a common purpose—the growth, and advancement of the highest civilization. Dissimilar in many characteristics, they may learn of each other how to live. The union of free government in all its vitality the United States are daily teaching. From France we may learn how an industrious people may cultivate all the arts of life, develope the finest tastes, avoid the dangerous extravagances of modern days, and study the practical economies which add so much to the domestic comforts and to public prosperity. To England we may turn in these later days for our lessen in the genius of progressive statesmanship, and learn from the philosophy of Stuart Mill what manhood suffrage really means, from John Bright the sagacity of a large minded publicist, and from Gladstone how the policy of a great empire should accommodate itself to the popular wants and demands of an advanced civilization. With these nations stand together—the great tripod on which advancing civilization may rest. That our companions in this association will respect our endeavors to preserve the perpetuity and strength of our government hereafter I cannot for a moment doubt. Let us have, then, an honorable peace, founded on mutual respect for each other and a determination to be guided by strict justice in all our intercourse. Then, soon or late, what with the three Pacific railroads predicted by Mr. Seward shall be completed, and my friend, Sir James Anderson, shall have laid all his ocean telegraph cables, Sir James will pardon me if I predict that New York will become the centre of the exchange of the world, and London will be tributary to New York. This is not too much to anticipate. It is not too much to promise the "coming generation of Duxbury boys, who are to make good the memories of their sires.

The character and origin of the toast to which Dr. Loring responded, and the fact that he is a native of Duxbury, gave great interest to the Doctor's remarks, and he was frequently interrupted with b ursts of applause.

BY THE FRENCH CABLE.

Napoleon's Message to President Grant and the President's Reply.

DUXBURY, MASS., July 28, 1869.

To the Honorable Secretary of State, Washington:

PARIS, 8.45 A. M.

L'Empereur des Francais au President des Etats Unis d'Amerique a Washington:

Je suis bien aise inaugurer la nouvelle ligne Telegraphique qui relie la France a l'Amerique en vousen voyant l'expression de mes voeux pour vous et pour la prosperite des Etats Unis.

(Signed) NAPOLEON.

TRANSLATION.

The Emperor of the French to the President of the United States at Washington.

I am glad to inaugurate the new telegraphic line which unites France to America, by transmittne to you my good will towards yourself, and very best wishes for the prosperity of the United States.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., July 28, 1869.

The President of the United States to the Emperor of the French:

I cordially reciprocate your good wishes and trust that the liberal policy of the United States pursuant to which this cable has been landed, may result in many such means of communication, especially between this country and its earliest ally and friend. U. S. GRANT.

FIRE. A fire broke out Monday afternoon, in a store house attached to the Shatemuc Mills, situated in Waterford, at the junction of Mohawk river and Champlain canal. The mill and contents were destroyed. The loss amounts to from $80,000 to $100,000, which is fully covered by insurance in Albany and New England companies. The origin of the fire is unknown. Three thousand bushels of wheat, 5000 bushels of feed, from 12,000 to 15,000 barrels of flour and 3000 empty barrels were burned. The mill was valued at $60,000.

☞ The across-the-continent Pullman palace sleeping car reached New York at seven o'clock Saturday morning, with her passengers. Her time from Sacramento was seven days, the run having been made on regular schedules of the Pacific Railroad, the Chicago and Northwestern and the Great Central route. The French officials, who were among the passengers, took the steamer for Havre at noon. They expect to make the trip from the Pacific Coast to Paris in seventeen days.

THE COLISEUM.—The Jubilee Committee part with the possession of the Coliseum this week, by the terms of the contract the builders having a right to the possession of it on the first of August. The contractors, we understand, have not decided what disposition to make of the building.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.

At the meeting of the alumni of Dartmouth College held on Commencement day, Thursday, the day following the ceremonies of the centennial celebration, the subject of raising an endowment fund was brought up, and after discussion it was resolved to raise a general endowment fund of $200,000 immediately, and a committee was appointed to proceed and raise the fund. Over $30,000 were pledged at once as a nucleus of the fund, and the prospect is that other large amounts will be soon subscribed.

Hon. Harvey Jewell introduced the subject of a change in the college charter, which should give the alumni a share in the management of the college, and urged his resolution in an able speech. President Smith, for the College, said he had for a long time considered in what manner a more intimate union could be brought about between the alumni and the College, and he expressed both his own sentiment and that of the Trustees, that any method that could be wisely devised to secure a closer union, and to give to the alumni some participation in the management of the College, would be heartily welcomed, and had he not been prevented by the pressing duties of Commencement, he should have proposed a resolution favoring such a change. Judge Chase spoke in support of the resolutions. He gave his most hearty concurrence to every word, and he trusted that the resolutions would bear their fit fruits, and that at the next annual meeting they should see their fruits in improved relations between the Alumni and the Board of Trustees, in the enlargement of the educational facilities of the institution, and in an increase of its endowments. A committee was appointed to mature a plan to carry the resolution into practical effect.

At the commencement dinner, which was attended by an unusually large number of the graduates, several eloquent speeches were made, and among others Gen. Sherman, who was called upon to speak, was received most enthusiastically and delivered an address, full of the natural and forcible eloquence characteristic of the veteran soldier that he is. The report of his speech is as follows:

Mr. President—I was in hopes, of course, that anything I had to say would be said in yonder building, where the jingling of glasses and plates might have covered up some of the deficiencies in my words; but these old gentlemen are cunning ones to have adjourned to this tent, now so beautifully filled with ladies and gentlemen, who probably expect more from me than I can give. I almost feel abashed on attempting to speak in the presence of the Chief Justice and the many men of learning here—aye, of the very boys, who but a short time since were speaking in language far more appropriate than I could ever hope to utter.

I am simply a plain soldier, and can say what I have to say in a few words, direct to to the purpose; and if I had any special subject whatever worthy of this occasion I would endeavor to portray it; but for want of better I will express the very great pleasure I have experienced to-day and yesterday in seeing not only the intelligence of the young men whose graduation we came here to witness, but the spirit of kindness and reverence which every one of them, and all in fact, have manifested toward the President of this college; towards the aged man who directs its interests, and towards the cause of learning.

Learning of all kinds is entitled to our veneration. It makes no difference whether it be at Dartmouth, or Yale, or Harvard, at West Point or in the common schools, learning is learning. It improves us all, and we never become too old to learn. We learn to-day, we learn to-morrow, and I suppose we shall continue to learn to the very last hour of our lives. We cannot tell; it is for God alone to say on which day we shall make the most progress. I am not and do not profess to be learned in books, learned in art or learned in mere words, but in deeds I profess to have some knowledge of forming men into organizations whereby their physical powers as well as their mental powers may produce their full effect.

You here have an organization; you here have a system which you may call civil, but it is military. The authority of every one of your professors is defined, and they group you into classes; and even after you have left the institution they have a hold on your affections which makes you a body with a single soul, which the man who wants you may move to some common purpose. That is exactly like a military organization. We combine men by tens, hundreds, thousands, and tens of thousands, all animated by one purpose and guided by one mind, so that they are a concentrated purpose and will press forward to the accomplishment of any object. If that object be the salvation of a nation, then the cause is glorious and enlists the feelings and challenges the admiration of all mankind.

Therefore, in that sense, I too prefer to be a teacher simply in the lesser art of combining units into tens and tens into thousands, and directing them in the interest of the government which commands me to do that which is her pleasure, and which is my pleasure too.

It is a common feeling among civilians that soldiers are men of violence; there is nothing further from the truth. I appeal to the history of America—to the history of our own country from Washington until the present moment—to show that the military men of this country have always been subordinate to the authorities that be, never presuming up their own judgment in antagonism to that of the nation, but executing its will, when that will has found expression in law, with a fidelity beautiful to behold; and so long as I continue to hold power and influence, to the end that the military power of this country, whether a small force scattered all over the nation, or a vast army of volunteers gathered together for some special purpose, I shall sustain the laws of the land and support the authority you may place over e.

Therefore I feel the same interest in education that you do. It lessens my task; it lessens the task of every Governor; it lessens the task of the Chief Justice, where throughout the land—in New Hampshire, in Massachusetts, in Florida, in Ohio—where schools and colleges are founded, where men are taught what law means; what order means; what civilization means; what refinement means. For it is far easier and more pleasant to govern intelligent men than to govern rude uniettered men. The one acts from a high motive, and principle, aiding and supporting you in carrying out your purpose without confusion, whereas the other must be driven to it by force. Therefore I have personal interest in education and in every intelligent lad that I meet I see that which I hope will have no need of armies and very little need of courts.

Gentlemen, I thank you for the many compliments you have paid me; especially would I thank the young men who have alluded to me in three or four passages of surprising compliment. I would also express my thanks to the President and other officers of the College. I wish them one and all long life. I wish the College may live to the third and fourth and tenth century, and I hope it will live as long as there is an America, and that I know will live to the end of all time.

DEATH OF A PROMINENT TEACHER.—Mr. Thomas Sherwin, Principal of the English High School of this city, died at his residence in Dedham, last Friday, of heart disease, at the age of seventy. He has been the honored and beloved teacher of this school for over thirty years, and has gained distinction as an educator of youth. His place will be hard to fill. He leaves a family of several sons and daughters.

THE TORPEDO CORPS.—It is reported that the Navy Department is about to organize a torpedo corps. Stations will be established at Portsmouth, N. H., Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Norfolk, Pensacola and Mare Island. As many officers as may be required will be assigned to duty at the different naval stations under the Inspectors of Ordnance. They will carefully examine the channels of the harbors under their supervision, and select such places as will be best suited for obstructions.

SILVER WEDDING.—On Friday evening, 23d inst., the friends of Henry Edgerton, a prominent and popular citizen of Shirley, celebrated the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his wedding in an appropriate manner. A large number of articles of silver ware were presented to Mr. E. and his estimable lady, and a gold watch was bestowed on each by the gentleman in whose business employ he is engaged.

Latest Foreign News.

BY TELEGRAPH.

LONDON, July 22.—The Harvard crew are at Putney. They have declined the challenge of the London Club.

Another dreadful colliery explosion occurred yesterday at St. Helens, a small place a few miles east of Liverpool. Over thirty persons were killed outright, and sixty more or less injured. The whole section is plunged in mourning.

LONDON, July 23.—The Prince of Wales unveiled the Peabody statue, near the Exchange, to-day, with imposing ceremonies. Minister Motley, The Lord Mayor and Miss Coutts were among the spectators present. An immense crowd witnessed the ceremony.

The Times, alluding to the recent agrarian outrages in Ireland, says: "Centuries of misrule have planted perverse views in the Irish peasant's breast, which must disappear under beneficent and enlightened legislation. For this reason we trust in such measures of justice as the Irish Church bill, which should not be left wasted a moment longer than can be avoided. Until it is settled there is little hope for tranquility in Ireland, and the gravest results are to be apprehended from temporary postponement."

The Times' leading article on the House of Lords' compromise of the Irish Church bill, which now knows what it is, and what it can do, and for the first time in its history, has a real, honest, independent character."

The interest in the Harvard and Oxford boat race exceeds that of the annual University contest. The betting is in favor of Oxford.

MONEY AFFAIRS AND BUSINESS.

Money matters have steadily improved during the past month, and the stringency which has so long continued has well nigh ended. The banks have materially increased their loans and have discounted more during the past week, than for several previous weeks. But although borrowers are better supplied, the rates are still well sustained.

There is very little outside paper that is discounted at less than 8 per cent, and much is done at 9 to 10 per cent, while bank customers, where accommodation can be depended on, are accommodated at 7 to 7½ per cent, and call loans are continued at 7 per cent, and in some cases a fraction less has been accepted.

In New York, the money market is reported easy, with the supply in excess of the demand. The discount market is quiet.

The New York bank statement was much more favorable. The gain in deposits is large.

The gold market has again been excited, and further advanced in consequence of large shipments, and the reported decline in bonds. The exports of specie from New York the past week were $3,082,015.

The imports of the past week show an increase in dry goods, but a large falling off in general merchandise.

The stock market remains quiet, and the changes of the month just closed show very slightly. The round dividend buying securities are generally firm, but the market is without any speculative action.

Business in most departments has not been up to the general expectation, and the movement is comparatively slow. In domestic cotton goods the margin for profit to the manufacturer is quite limited, and purchasers still buy only to answer present necessities. The stock of goods is light, however, and as the autumn trade commences the promise is fair for an active movement in most departments of trade, as the prospect for the crops are highly encouraging in all sections of the country.

NARROW ESCAPE. On Saturday the mail train on the Rutland Railroad, which left Rutland at noon, met with a serious accident near Brockway's Mill, below Chester, caused by a misplaced switch left by a careless section man. The engine and cars were thrown from the rails, and the engine passed over the bridge and plunged down an embankment ten feet, throwing the engineer, Edward Foss, and the fireman thirty feet down the Bank. The engineer had two ribs broken and the fireman was badly injured. The smoking car broke through the bridge and was poised over the edge, and had the coupling broken would have gone into the creek seventy-eight feet below. The passenger coach was simply off the iron and left standing on the bridge. There were thirty-five persons in the smoking car. No one was injured but the engineer, fireman and brakeman. It was a narrow escape from a serious disaster.

CHARLESTOWN LADIES DROWNED. Two Misses Turner, of Charlestown, visiting in Auburn, Me., and two sons of Rev. Mr. Libby of Auburn, were drowned in Lake Auburn, Auburn, Saturday afternoon. They were out in a row boat, which sank. Two other persons in the boat escaped. The Misses Turner belonged in Charlestown, and were the daughters of John and Horatio Turner. The family of Mr. John Turner were staying at Lewiston, Me., and went up on a visit to Horatio's family in Auburn, where Mrs. Turner's folks reside. The families thus coming to together endeavored to enjoy a sail with the above result.

CALIFORNIA FRUIT.—A New York paper says the Pacific Railroad is now bringing us fresh fruits from California; and the dispatch of a fruit car laden with plums, pears and grapes for Chicago and New York, opens up the prospect of a large fruit trade between our Atlantic and Pacific States. The California fruits are surpassingly excellent in quality, and we shall welcome their constant arrival in our markets.

THE COOLIE TRADE.—Quite a number of enterprising Americans are now preparing to engage in the Chinese Coolie trade. It has been discovered that employment may be found in this country for innumerable Chinamen; and, as the business of importing them has proved very profitable to those heretofore engaged in it, there is likely to be a great deal of competition.

☞ It is decided that a trans-continental railway convention shall be held in Oswego, but when is not yet announced. All the leading railroads from the Pacific coast to Newfoundland will be called upon to send representatives.

A FRIEND IN NEED IS A FRIEND INDEED.—Such will *Dr. Sick Arnold's* Balsam prove to those who are afflicted with any form of Bowel Complaints. Its cures are indeed almost marvelous.

MARRIAGES.

In Gloucester, July 22, by Rev. Mr. Herrick, Mr. Otis Bedford to Miss Mary E. Coan.

In Newburyport, July 22, by Rev. Dr. Bartol, Mr. Y. J. Thayer of Boston to Miss Cattie W. Lunt of N.

In Bedford, July 25, by Rev. Mr. Gammell, Mr. Henry J. Winde of Chelsea to Miss L. Alice, daughter of Maj. William Lowe of B.

In Lowell, July 26, at the residence of George N. Norris, Esq., by Rev. Owen Sweet, Samuel Walcott of Boston to Miss Jennie Norris of Pittsfield, N. H.

In New Boston, N. H., July 22, by Rev. R. G. Farley, Mr. George H. Damon of Chicago to Miss Mary E. Marden of New Boston.

In Nantucket, July 22, by Rev. Mr. Rosmer, Mr. Thomas Hussey to Miss Mary B. Coffin, daughter of Mr. Alexander D. Coffin.

In Brighton, July 20, by Rev. Frederic A. Whitney, Mr. Charles W. Bennett to Miss Melissa J. B. Tuttle, all of B.

DEATHS.

In Wakefield, July 21, Henry Woodman, 40 yrs.

In Medfield, 19th inst., Mrs. Susan, widow of the late Capt. Moses Smith, 86 yrs.; Capt. Walter Allen, 72 yrs., 2 mos.

In Middleborough, 19th inst., at her residences, Mrs. Lois Leonard, widow of the late Rev. Dr. Lewis Leonard, 77 yrs.

In Weston, Vt., 14th inst., Sebreau C. Taylor, 84.

In Watertown, July 27, Eliza, wife of John Templeton, 67 yrs.

In Glo

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.....BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1869.

READ AND RUN.

— The Cuban filibusters profess not to be at all disconcerted by their recent bad luck in New York and neighborhood.

— A Carlyle and Emerson club is in existence in England.

— The Centennary celebration of Dartmouth College last week brought together an assembly of distinguished men, and the speeches were of marked merit and decided public interest.

— Garibaldi is reduced to the dimensions of a skeleton, his features being shockingly contracted, and his talk having shrunk into mere babbling.

— Lawrent Clerc, for half a century identified with deaf mute instruction, died recently in Hartford, at an advanced and honored age.

— A lady well along in years, who had been courted and jilted by a bald headed gentleman of about the same age, had exquisite revenge on him by selling him that there was one thing about it, she had got no locks of his hair to return.

— The entire population of Scotland is not much larger than that of the State of New York; and that country owns a navy of the full capacity of a million tons.

— Trousers threaten to go out of fashion in England, the Prince of Wales lending his influence to the introduction of knee breeches.

— The Grecian Bend is succinctly described thus: "By the aid of the panier, bustle, contracted stomach, expanded chest, out-thrust head, enormous chignon, and the strap-and-buckle apparatus, the whole superstructure standing upon A 1 gaiters,—we have the Grecian Bend." Who can prove that fashion has anything to do with civilization?

— Gen. Sherman was present at the Dartmouth Centennial celebration last week and was greatly complimented.

— The proprietor of the Union Hotel at Saratoga, refuses to have the lists of his guests published in the newspapers.

— Mr. Gough promises to regale the reading world with his autobiography, and Santa Anna is arranging to do the same thing.

— Jeopardize is a word much too commonly used by those who should know better, for jeopardized.

— Good photograph likenesses of distinguished literary men and women are a present want in the market.

— The crude speaking of youth just out of their teens, at College commencements, is rather inclined to lapse from the fashion and give place to maturer and more interesting performances.

— The drains of all stationary washing-places should be carefully covered at their entrance, during the warm nights of summer, as they very quickly taint a house with their miasmatic influences.

— Brigham Young has "scaled" to himself another wife in his old age,—this time an ambitious Boston girl.

— They insist, in Paris, that Mr. Longfellow ought not to be more than twenty-five years of age.

— The opening of the Suez Canal will be duly celebrated on the 17th of November next, with much pomp and ceremony.

— Mr. A. T. Stewart, of New York, having purchased a seventy-five hundred acre tract in Hempstead, L. I., will proceed at once to open it to settlement by laying out streets, staking off lots, and erecting a certain number of dwellings. It is just what over crowded New York wants.

— South Carolina now desires Chinese laborers, and certain planters are about to introduce them in their low lands at their individual cost.

— The Democratic candidate for Governor of Java is so substantial a man as to weigh three hundred pounds.

— Napoleon at last succeeded in patching up a new ministry.

— Money in the great markets is gradually easing up and there is a prospect of better times for borrowers.

— The boat race between Harvard and the English Universities, is called in the London papers the inter-hemispheral match.

— A Vermont couple want to be divorced, who have been married forty-five years and had fifteen children. They would have to wait only a little to have death step in and do it for them.

— It has been a great time for Duxbury, for ten days past.

— It is computed that the trip overland and across ocean, from San Francisco to Paris, will require but seventeen or eighteen days.

— The dog days have set in, in downright earnest, and start perspiration freely. "Dog on 'em!"

— The new samples of currency are beginning to show themselves with more or less freedom.

— There is a sharp question up for the Government to settle,—where the Union Pacific Road ends and the Central Pacific begins. It makes a difference of some millions to both of the roads.

— The London *Telegraph* pleasantly hints to Mr. Motley that he might stake the Alabama claims on the result of the international boat race, and so decide the question without more words.

— It consumes just a quarter of a second to signal from Duxbury to Brest.

— A million of shad are hatched every day now, and turned loose into the Hudson.

— A party has come through from San Francisco to New York, in one of the Pullman Palace cars in six and a half days, without any unpleasantness.

— The Harvard crew are in training at Putney, a water outskirt of London, and the great international match is to occur on the 31st of August.

— Fourteen destructive fires recently occurred in London in a single day.

— The sales of wool of late, both in this city and Philadelphia have been immense.

— The Carlist faction is thrusting up its head all over Spain, and the government is as yet anything but stable.

— Throughout the country the talk is universal and enthusiastic about the magnificent harvest. We ought to be a grateful people.

— The recklessness in the management of railroads has been ascribed to the fact that the shares are generally held by speculators, instead of as regular investments, and hence little or no interest is felt in the safety of travel over them.

— After all our labor and pains a single cloud stretched across the Sun's disc at the time of the approaching eclipse, may prevent all observation of the phenomenon.

— The double-headed girl has left town, but picnic sailing parties come in fast enough to compensate.

— Mr. John Bigelow has been called to the post of the editor-in-chief of the New York *Times*.

— Delaware is just ready to empty her ripe peaches into our capacious laps. Let them only be abundant and cheap.

— Chinese immigration excites wide discussion, and the Coolie law, passed by Congress in 1862, is brought up as a warning against any traffic of that description.

— Vice President Colfax and his wife expect to be in Colorado in September.

— Mr. Longfellow will come back to us in the autumn, and will be publicly received. He has been welcomed cordially and with honor, wherever he has travelled in Europe.

— Nobody was probably more surprised at the result of the rowing contest on Lake Quinsigamond than the Yales, who were beaten. Their badge is blue and they seemed to allow that it was for once the right color.

— Philadelphia very generally goes down to Cape May at this season.

— Property in Duxbury is said to have gone up one hundred per cent. since the French cable was landed.

— Mr. Thomas Sherwin, for many long years head of the English High School of this city, died at his home in Dedham, of heart disease last week. His name will be long remembered for esteem, affection, and honor. His age was seventy.

— Gen. Sherman likes New England people and customs amazingly, and he is equally liked in return.

— Prof. Agassiz will most appropriately deliver the address before the Boston Society of Natural History, on the centenary of the birth of Humboldt, the 14th of September.

— Alabama is beginning to talk very soberly about the cotton caterpillar, a ravaging fellow.

— The Sunday School pioneer of Ohio is Harry Safford, and he has just died at the age of 82.

— The Emperor Napoleon has conceded enough since the late elections to make it all equivalent to a revolution.

— It is a present question of much public interest in Hartford, Conn., whether the studies of Latin, French and German should, or should not, be allowed in the advanced classes of the public schools.

— The life of Walter Savage Landor, by Forster, who wrote the fine biography of Goldsmith, is a comprehensive sketch of English literature, and men of letters for the last half century and more, as has ever been furnished to the reading public.

— Horace Greeley was unfortunately run away with behind a pair of horses, at Long Branch, and fortunately escaped unhurt.

— Although the public men of Great Britain are so engrossed in politics, they find time to pursue their classic studies. Gladstone, though engrossed in the work of a Prime Minister, yet manages to write a book entitled "Juventus Mundi," or the Youth of the World,—treating of the gods and men of the great heroic age.

— The people pounout of the city into the country as if the dogdays were close at their heels.

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

The times are pregnant with startling events; old isms, theories, and fallacies are fast disappearing beneath the gigantic wheels of progress and human development. Change is written with the iron finger of time, upon all matter, seen and unseen, material and spiritual. The mighty, omnipotent power that fashioned the stupendous orbs that revolve in the immensity of space, created all things in wisdom and purity. The majestic ocean, the deep blue sea, the beautiful earth and all things therein contained were planned and created by victue or that universal law of harmony, whose power holds sway over all. Intelligence is manifested in all created things, both great and small—the tiny insect, the beautiful butterfly, and God-like man, are each endowed according to their kind, with that instinct or intelligence ordained by Him who "doeth all things well."

Wisdom, justice, and love are the three great standard-bearers whose sumptuous hands unite out to each individuality the mission of Divine, universal law, designed by that mighty Mind who fashioned alike noble man in his own image and all lesser created things. The human family have been and are now in a state of progressive human mind. Eternal progress is written with the unerring finger of Deity upon all. The theme of human life is laden with sweet incense to all who like angels of mercy and goodness, are ever busy, ever ready to devise means for the alleviation of human woe and the prolongation of life. The unceasing march of individual and national progress is alone due to the bold and fearless thinkers and actors upon the stage of human life; the stern exigencies that confront and imperil the gigantic minds of all countries cannot awe or swerve them in the path of duty and power. Disease and death, the great enemies of humanity, have been combated for centuries by the ablest minds of the land; suffering humanity calls loudly for the "Balm of Gilead," whose subtle, mystic power can heal and save from wreck and ruin. A skilful hand and mind have been found ready to administer to the suffering at all times, in all seasons, and in all the medical emporium, where thousands from all countries and climes, have received the healing balm for every ill.

In *Harpers' Monthly Magazine* for February, 1868, may be found a life of PROF. R. LEONIDAS HAMILTON, M. D., whose discoveries in reference to

LIVER, LUNG, AND BLOOD DISEASES

are now attracting the attention of the whole medical world, and whose success is carrying joy and restored health to thousands.

His well-attested cases of liver diseases, lung diseases, blood diseases, and diseases of the kidney, bladder, spine, stomach, and other organs, are now well known all over the United States and Canada, the West Indies, Europe, Mexico, Sandwich Islands, and in many of the commercial and missionary settlements in every part of the world.

For the benefit of the sick who may wish to know positively where they have descendents of the Liver of more or less severity, a combination of the usual symptoms found in such cases will be found below:

SYMPTOMS OF LIVER COMPLAINT.

A sallow or yellow color of the skin, or yellowish brown spots on the face and other parts of the body; dullness and drowsiness; with frequent headache; bitter or bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, and internal heat; palpitation of the heart; in many cases a dry, teasing cough, with sore throat; unsteady appetite; sour stomach, with a variety of the food eaten; a feeling sensation in the throat; sickness and vomiting; distress, heaviness, or a bloated or a full feeling about the stomach and sides, which is often attended with pains and tenderness; aggravating pains in the sides, back, and shoulders; colic pains and sore-ness; costiveness through the bowels, with heat; constipation of the bowels, alternating with frequent attacks of diarrhœa; flatulence, nervousness, sudden flushes of the external parts; rush of blood to the head, with symptoms of apoplexy; numbness of the limbs, especially at night; cold chills, alternately with hot flushes, with dullness, low spirits, unsociability, and gloomy forebodings, and with ladies, female weakness and irregularities.

DISEASES CAUSED BY LIVER COMPLAINT.

The human system, the most perfect of all the works of the Creator, is so constituted that, to be entirely healthy, it must throw off the waste, worn-out, and poisonous materials as fast as it takes on new materials from our food and drink. The food is assimilated and made into nourishing and healthy blood principally through the offices of the stomach, liver, and lungs. The worn-out materials are mostly excreted by the liver, lungs and kidneys; but all medical men have heretofore failed to recognize the vital importance of the liver as a blood-purifying and excreting organ. The most learned German physiologists, who base their assertions upon actual experiments only, state that the amount of BILE which should be manufactured by the liver and discharged into the intestines each day is two and one half pounds. All persons interested to know this fact, and the experiments to prove it, may consult *Verdauungssafte und Stoffwechsel, Leipzig*, 1852, or they may see a *resume* of these facts in P. of Dalton's Physiology.

Because the liver of the white man is something more than the natural physic of the bowels as has heretofore been taught by common medical men. The liver is mostly made up of the waste matter of the blood effete, worn-out, and injurious materials. If the liver does not make this bile and pass it into the intestines daily, it remains in the blood as a poison. It poisons the blood itself, and circulates as irritating and poisonous matter in the blood, to every organ in the system.

The blood, poisoned with the daily accumulated excess of bile returns from the liver to the heart, and the nerves of the heart left empty of blood, and oppressed feeling at the heart and palpitation; and if this condition is long continued, we get a chronic disease, due excitement, and morbid nutrition of the heart, developing many forms of Heart Disease.

Just so with the lungs. The bile-poisoned blood goes from the upper and right cavity of the heart to the lower cavity, and thence directly to the lungs, circulating through them with every pulsation. Here the tissues are poisoned and irritated, and they invite the scrofulous humors of the blood because they are thus irritated. Then consumption, which is local scrofula, so defined and proved by Lugol and all the most scientific authors. The lungs try to oxygenize and purify the blood, and they do it in a great measure; but they are overworked and irritated, and you smell the blood poison matter in the man's breath. Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Nervous Cough, and Consumption itself, are the results. If the Liver had done its duty—made or excreted that BILE—the Lungs would not have been diseased.

Just so with the BLOOD itself. It goes from the lungs back to the heart, and is expended so much in the lower cavity, and thence through the arteries and capillaries to every organ and tissue of the system. Among the most important offices of the kidneys are those of diminishing the urinary secretion a most important excretion. But the kidneys themselves are irritated and confused by the presence of the bile-poisoned blood, and they become diseased. Every person who has had a liver disease knows that the urine is scanty, high-colored, and loaded with the deposits, at times, or other diseased products. Hence, diseases not only of the kidneys, but also of the bladder.

But this is not all—far from it. The poisonous blood goes to the BRAIN, and affects the great electrical centre of all vitality; and the brain, stimulated by unhealthy blood, cannot perform its offic healthfully. The person has dullness, headache, incapacity to keep his mind on any subject, cannot remember, has a crowded and dizzy feeling, is sleepy, becomes nervous, gloomy, easily irritated, and often has a bilious and neuraigic headache. And the blood itself loses nourishment, and is full of water upon the surface of the skin, it is so irritating and poisonous that the person has discolored brown spots, pimples, blotches, and other eruptions, sores, boils, carbuncles, and other scrofula tumors.

Disease of the LUNGS is the most common of all diseases. The sudden changes of the New England climate, the malarial influence of the West, and the heat also of the South, as well as the habits of the people of this country, and other causes, all tend to develop the Liver disease, in some of the varied forms, throughout the United States. This is true of the man and beast, as every butcher knows that he finds the Livers of cattle, sheep, and swine diseased ten times where he finds any other organ diseased once. Almost every person is *bilious* at some time, and many are constantly bilious. It may be mere congestion of the Liver and torpidity of its function, or this may result in some structural or organic affection. But the Liver can never be diseased without affecting the stomach, bowels, and the other organs we have spoken of, and costiveness, piles, dropsy, diarrhœa and impoverished blood are among the necessary results.

CHRONIC DISEASES.

PROF. HAMILTON will also inform the afflicted, that having been written to by thousands of patients, his office has become the greatest centre for the treatment of chronic diseases, that ever existed in any age of the world. No hospital in Europe or America has one-tenth the number of singular and remarkable cases under personal observation, and the difficulties would, if he have terminated in liver consumption, and I should have been incurable. I had been failing fast for the last five months prior to applying to you, although under medical treatment of three of the most skilful physicians in this State. Many persons are daily visiting me to see and hear of your miraculous skill, remarking that "Professor Hamilton must be possessed of more than human power to cure you." Some have called in with great amazement, after noticing the great change that has taken place in my condition and appearance in but a short a time. I ride out every day, and can walk a mile.

Truly yours, MRS. D. C. HOWE.

STRONGLY CORROBORATED.

No. 113 HARRISON STREET,
BROOKLYN, N. Y., January 26, 1869.

TO THE AFFLICTED NEREWITHERN.

During my labors in publishing and editing a newspaper for many years in this city, and also in the performance of my duties as a clergyman in this and other cities, I have become thoroughly and intimately acquainted with R. Leonidas Hamilton, D. D., the justly celebrated Liver, Lung, and blood Physician of this city, and during such extensive experience, he fully realized the inadequacy of the ordinary treatment made use of in all chronic diseases, more especially that class of trouble arising from deranged functions of the Liver and digestive organs. He at once set himself about the study of the class of diseases determined to make them a specialty. Laying the vegetable world under tribute, he has made discoveries and compounded specifics on sound philosophical principles which have made the most wonderful cures in the annals of medicine. Liver, Blood, Lung and Nervous diseases are now virtually under his full control, and yield to the magic, subtle power of his remedies. I have myself seen numbers of those who have been snatched from the hand of death by his power, when the unfortunate sufferers seemed doomed to an early grave, and all other treatment was of no avail. In addition to what I can vouch for personally, I have ample evidence from other clergymen, physicians and eminent men of the highest character, who have also been saved by his wonderful treatment, and who speak in the highest praise and gratitude of Dr. Hamilton as a physician and a gentleman of honor and integrity. It is but simply stating the positive truth when I say that it is well known throughout this country that where his works are known and the fruits of his labors have been appreciated, he is highly esteemed by the people as the most eminent and remarkable physician in the treatment of chronic diseases of the age. As the result of a long and intimate personal acquaintance with Prof. Hamilton and his unparalleled success as a professional man, and the high and noble blessings so kindly and freely bestowed upon all.

Most respectfully, REV. W. B. JACOBS.

THE WORK GOES BRAVELY ON!

ANOTHER CLERGYMAN CURED!!

The eminent divine, Rev. J. W. Bluckley, of Athens, Me. writes: "My health has so improved from the advice of your treatment that I am able to resume my pastorship. *Had it not been for your medicine I should not be living now.* To you, with God's blessing, I owe my wonderfully existence. I am a living exponent of the worth of your matchless remedies, and I shall hereafter deem it a part of my religious duty to recommend your skill with diseases of the Liver or Lungs to speedily apply to you. May God's blessing attend your worthy efforts for the relief of diseased and suffering humanity."

ANOTHER CLERGYMAN HEALED!

BOONTON, N. J.

R. L. HAMILTON, M. D.—Dear Sir—It is with pleasure that I communicate the result of the use of your specifics. When I first visited your office in New York, I could scarcely walk into the office without exhaustion. With all your prestige as a successful physician, I had but little hope that you could cure me. There was nothing strange in this. Four years and four months had run their weary, but dreaded path, and I had suffered constantly with chronic diarrhœa and piles. I had some of the best physicians, and used everything in heard of that I could procure, but all in vain. Well, I thought that you could do me more good than others! But, sir, justice and gratitude compel me to say that after the use of your medicine for a few days, a complete cure. I cannot expect to be freed from liabilities to attacks of disease any more than other men, but I will be able to meet them with success. I can assemble the sick in the world, I would direct them to you, sir, as one fully competent to heal, and to whose noble nature would not allow exhorbitant charges. Yours truly, REV. GEORGE H. JONES.

A CLERGYMAN CURED OF RHEUMATISM.

POINTVILLE, N. J.

PROF. R. L. HAMILTON.—Dear Sir—Your purposed delayed writing in order to give you the results of your remedies. The medicines came to hand in due time, and I commenced using them in accordance with your directions

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE----BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1869.

The Poet's Corner.

THE KINGDOM OF HOME.

The $100,00 Prize Song, written for "Hearth and Home," by Wm. R. Durkee.

Dark is the night, and fitful and drearily
Rushes the wind like waves of the sea;
Little care I, as here I sing cheerily,
Wife at my side and baby on knee:
King, King, crown me the King:
Home is the Kingdom and Love is the King!

Flashes the firelight upon the dear faces,
Dearer and dearer as onward we go,
Forces the shadow behind us, and places
Brightness around us with warmth in the glow.
King, King, crown me the King;
Home is the Kingdom and Love is the King!

Flashes the lovelight, increasing the glory,
Beaming from bright eyes with warmth of the soul,
Telling of trust and content the sweet story,
Lifting the shadows that over us roll.
King, King, crown me the King:
Home is the Kingdom and Love is the King!

Richer than miser with perishing treasure,
Served with a service no conquest could bring;
Happy with fortune that words cannot measure,
Light-hearted I on the hearthstone can sing,
King, King, crown me the King:
Home is the Kingdom and Love is the King!

Ladies' Department.

From the Galaxy for August.

CLIMMERLEY GAP.

I.

Henry Clay Glenning, telegraph operator at Lindenbury railway station, sat at his desk as the dusk closed in of a gloomy April evening, a dozen or more years back. A tall, light built young man of maybe seven-and-twenty, with a full, close cropped brown beard, and a clever, good looking face; but, about the eyes and mouth there were troubled lines that seemed to indicate some present, wearing care. The cold northeasterly rain beat dreadfully on the panes; the sashes rattled dismally in the eddying wind. There was nothing going through the line this hour and more, and Glenning leaned back in his chair in thought that his attitude showed was not at all pleasant company. He got up after a while and took down his hat and coat from the wall. It was nearly seven by the office clock. The station master relieved him three quarters of an hour; there was no train due until the Lake Mail, nine minutes of eight. He went out, and up the bleak, wet streets. Getting home, he left his wet coat in the passage, and passed on up the stairs. He leaned back on the landing a minute, with eyes looking down, and face compressed in distasteful revery. Then he stepped forward quickly, and went in. The table was set for two. Beside it a lady sat stitching upon some needlework in her lap. Her cheek flushed as he came in; but she did not look up. He came and sat down opposite. The angry flush remained; her lips were firmly shut; she worked on, loop over loop, and did not raise her eyes or turn her head.

"Mary," he said, his tone was low and gentle, "Mary, I want to tell you a story."

She glanced up askance at his face, as though surprised. But her eyes went instantly back to her lap, and her fingers worked on, loop over loop. Glenning went on; his voice a little graver, but gentle and low as before.

"On the North Rock Road, just beyond the Southdown Mills, there is a little country store, kept by one John O'Neil and his wife, Jane. I've known the pair by sight a long time now—honest, simple, hard working folks, and prosperous, too, as things go. They have no boys and only one girl—Jenny, after her mother. I remember her a little, toddling thing, in a pink frock and gingham apron, as I used to see her playing about the place when I went out and in from the farm. She was a bright, merry child, and a great pet at home, as you may suppose. John was never tired of talking about her as a child, and praising her cleverness and winning ways. He vowed he'd make a scholar of her if he worked his nails off to do it. Well, the girl grew and grew, and last summer finished the course of the common school, and in the fall went off to Fort Hill Institute, in Tidewater. The old couple missed Jenny sadly, of course, and found the old house lonely enough when the girl was gone. Their only consolation was their weekly letter, which came in regularly every Saturday afternoon by the Through Mail. They used to come in together in their old buggy, every week, on Wednesday, in almost any weather, and get the letter. It got to be a standing saying among the men about the station, 'There's John and Jane wants a letter from Jinny.' When I went down to the office to-day I saw them coming over from the postoffice. They came in. Both looked anxious and troubled."

"Mr. Glenning,' says John, 'we haven't no word from our girl to-day. It's the first time it's missed, and we feel a little doubtsome like. We want you to send word by the telegraph, and ask how it is.'

"I sent the message to Jenny, at Fort Hill:

"'No letter to-day. Anything wrong?'

"In half an hour the answer came back:

"'Nothing wrong. Well and happy.

JENNY O'NEIL.

"The old pair were in great glee over their letter by telegraph. They went off as happy as birds. That was about two hours ago. I had the letter in my hand when you came in."

He took out some telegraph slips from his pocket, selected one and pushed it across the table. She turned her head and read:

"Jenny O'Neil died here by an accident this afternoon. Will you break the news?"

It was addressed to a clergyman of Lindenbury, and signed by the principal of the Tidewater School.

Glenning watched her as she read. He had thought the sad story would soften her. She had a woman's heart, I think; it did soften her. She too remembered the bright, fair faced young girl on the North Rock Road. But she seemed to strive against the feeling; summoned her pride to steel her against letting him see. Her face flushed up with a thrill of pity and sympathy; she could not see the work in her lap plainly for a dimness in her eyes. But she bit her lip, and kept back the tears that almost brimmed over, and forced her fingers to work on, loop upon loop.

"Mary," he said—his voice was sad and low, "I was wrong to say what I did. I was hot and ill tempered then, and hardly knew what I did. I'm sorry, Mary. Won't you let it go?"

He leaned his head on his hand, looked in her face, and waited for her to speak. She did not raise her eyes. He went on, with a very mournful tone. There was a wounded look in his eyes; she knew it, though she did not turn her own, or lift them from her lap. Very gravely he talked on to her, pleaded with her earnestly and sadly. There was no reproach in his words, no note of blame, though there was room.

She kept her mask on well; he thought she was unmoved. But I think the white teeth closed upon the lip inside, and the woman's heart throbbed hotly underneath. Suddenly she started visibly; he must have seen it. But it was not for anything he had said. She felt in her pocket, turned over the work box by her side; got up and looked about the room, pulled out a drawer or two, lifted a box or a paper. She did not seem to find anything; but came back and sat down as before.

"Henry," she said, "when you're ready, we'll have our tea."

Here voice was low and calm—plainly forced; she did not lift her head. He started up at that as if she had struck him. A look of sharp pain leaped into his face. He got up quickly, and walked about the room, his head bent and his hands behind him, in a pitiful, aimless way. After a little, he stopped suddenly, facing the window.

"Mary," he said, "come here." His voice was stern.

She got up and stood beside him. The curtains hung apart. He swept them wide, with his hand, and pointed through the glass.

"Look," he said.

Across the street she saw a lighted window, with the curtains drawn aside. Inside, a thick set and common looking man was playing about the room, with a curly haired child; a woman by the table looking on with a happy smile. As they looked a peal of ringing, childish laughter came dimly to their ears. He let the curtain fall, leaned back against the wall, and looked her in the face. Her eyes flashed bright, an angrier flush swept up, and dyed her cheek deep red. Her words were bitter when she spoke.

"Well," she said, "what of all that? Why didn't you marry Sue Stuart yourself? The fool would have had you for asking." She laughed a bitter mocking laugh.

"I wish to God—" he began. But he stopped. She went back and sat by the table. He came and sat down opposite. He sat silent awhile, his head sunk in his hands. The attitude was one profoundly mournful—the air of a traveller lost in some unexplored forest, who sits down disheartened at last, finding no path, seeing no way to the light. A straggling lock of his hair fell down upon his face. He lifted his hand and drew out, one, two, three gray hairs. "Look, Mary," he said, "I'll be twenty-seven in June."

That arrow touched her visibly; his hair and face were not like that when they two married, nineteen months ago. He went on, with a mournful voice: "I was alone in the world. I was lonely, and wanted help. I told you that two years ago; you must remember, Mary. I said I'd be true to you through good or evil. God helping me, I'll keep my word. I said I'd try to make you happy; I meant to be happy myself. I meant to do right by you. In the main, I think I have; at least, I've honestly tried. I've said hard words at times, when I hardly knew what I had said; for them I am honestly sorry, as for all my failings in love and duty. We ought to be happy together; we are neither of us that; I hardly know why. I hardly know how we came to this miserable pass. I see no way out of it now, for you or me. God help and forgive us both!"

She lifted her eyes from her lap at last, and turned upon him, flashing scorn. "Henry Glenning," she said, fronting him full with a hot, flushed face, "what do you want? What would you have? *Am I* happy? Have I no heart? no pulse? no nerves that can be cut and stung? Because I am too proud to show my pain; because I will not mope or whine; because I laugh to hide the bitter ache and void; bite my lips till they bleed, and crush back the sob that chokes, and the tears that blind me, do you think I am ice or stone? Must *you* turn on me, too? Had I not enough? You know why I married you. Was it my own free choice? I was a fool; I know it, but I say it was not; I say it was not. You say no one forced me—how do you know? No one said, you shall or you shall not; we are past that day. I wish to God they had; I would have laughed, and had my way. But is that all? Do you know how a petty household tyranny can wear and warp? A father's preference, a brother's sneers and scoffs, a sister's anger, a mother's averted face? I was a coward; I know it. If I had to live it over, I'd walk through fire, first. *You* were clever and handsome; they all liked *you*. You know what I mean. You knew it then, and should have set me right. For you I broke my faith; I was afraid of the world's silly laugh—poor, blind fool that I was! I broke my faith, I say; that was your sin and mine. *Your sin*, I say; for you knew, and should have died first. Do you pity me? Do you grieve for your part in making my life a shame and a lie? Pity? You blame my neglect, taunt me for my coldness of heart. Heart? I tell you I have no heart. You hear men's lies to my blame. You distrust your own wife's words. You are passionate with me; harsh, hard, cruel. You spoke to me to-day as no man has a right. I will not hear it again. I will not bear it. I warn you to beware. *You may make their lies come true.*"

"God forgive you!" he said. That was all. He got up and went out. His head was bent, his face was haggard, but neither angry nor stern.

II.

Slowly and sadly he went down the stairs. He wondered how it could end. He could not quite understand her persistent anger; her fierce rejection of his overtures. He had been wrong; he owned it freely. His temper was hot at times; but she could not but know that she had tried him beyond patience. No, he could not understand, or see his way. Drawing on his coat, his face was turned toward the stair. The gas-light shone upon a folded paper lying on the second step, soiled and torn. He stooped and picked it up. He glanced inside; it was written in pencil letters, apparently unmeaning. A horrible suspicion flashed upon him—might not what he had overheard be true? He opened the door and went out. He stopped at the corner, under the lamp, opened the paper, and held it to the light. It was a sheet of common note paper, folded in three. A wet boot heel had apparently trodden upon one side as it lay in the fold, and ground off a part of the writing just below the first four words. A pulpy shred connected the parts, and showed what space was gone. This was what remained:

(1) O & RQQT FGGT OCT &— —DOP I

TT—HTU ATSUG. (3) PI SR RSVV

KYEVH. (4) NET YE ERRH TEG.

AJDXN XARENE.

The rain dripped down upon the paper; he sheltered it with his hat, and stood, with head bare, in the beating rain. He felt in his heart that that fourth word could be but one. He found the key in a minute's time; a simple school boy trick. He felt that that word must be *Mary*. He tried it through the sentence, counting letters here and there; o-n-e-a-t-r-&-y. "*My poor, dear Mary.*"

The rain dripped from his hair; he shivered—was it with cold? He felt sick and faint; he thought he should fall. He saw the lights of the Merriman House over the way. He staggered across, through mud and water half knee deep, heeding neither gutter nor pool; went in and up to the bar.

"Brandy," he said. He lifted the bottle; but his hand shook too much. "Pour it." His voice sounded hoarse and strange. The barman took up the bottle and half filled the glass. Glenning steadied himself by the bar. He spilled a little as he lifted the glass. He set it down empty. "More," he said. He drank it off, and went out. The church clock was striking eight. He ran on down to the station; he was half an hour late. He sat down at his desk. There was a heavy gong-ing through the wires from L., only now and then some message about the trains on the railway line. The cipher changed after that first time. The burning spirit set him all ablaze; his brain was on fire, his heart a leaden weight. He studied those next legible words with a mad anxiety. They were plainly the end of the sentence, the rest of which was gone. He tried the words this way and that—counted forward, backward, one letter, two letters, three, four, five. He felt sure it was some simple trick of spelling; but he could make no sense of them for a long time. Some one came stamping in now and then out of the rain; but he paid no heed, worked away at that terrible puzzle that seemed so like child's play, and was, in fact, such deadly earnest work.

"It may well be doubted," says Poe, "whether human ingenuity can construct an enigma of this kind which human ingenuity, if properly applied, may not also resolve." In a certain sense, this is, no doubt, true. In the hiding of thought, as of treasure, it is always possible that a second mind may invent or happen upon the same method and place of concealment, and so discover the buried store. But I think I may safely engage to conceal a thought under a riddle of this sort which shall be as long in the finding as the buried gold and jewels of the pirate captain Kidd. Here is this simple cipher, which so cruelly perplexed poor Glenning that April evening. The head that constructed it was none of the cleverest, and, by consequence, the riddle was of the rudest and simplest. In these next four words the writer had hit, by good chance, upon an expedient so simple that you may easily get at the hidden meaning if you have quick mother wit and good luck. Yet I challenge any reader to go to work systematically, and unravel the enigma by any more logical process than that of happy guessing. Take the words before reading further:

DQPI TT—HTU ATSUG.

Glenning wearied and fretted himself, to no purpose, with trial on trial. Then he tried the system commonly used with these riddles, depending upon the known excess in the number of certain letters, e, a, o, i, d, and so on, in their order. It would not work. He was out again. The trouble with that system, and similar ones, is that they provide only for cases in which each character of the cipher-text refers uniformly to one certain thing in the underlying expression; and even here the system may be easily stultified by the omission of the articles, and the use of a little care in the selection of the words employed.

In this particular instance, the writer had happened upon a pretty good plan, but showed himself plainly indebted to good luck rather than cleverness, by a blunder which a little skill would have made him easily avoid. There was a flaw in the construction which gave you a clue to the possible plan. Glenning had worked over the phrase till he was in despair of solving the terrible riddle. He leaned back in his chair and closed his tired eyes, with a baffled, beaten look. Those cabalistic words stood out before his sight, burned upon his brain in letters of fire. I do not think he would ever have construed them but for the blunder of which I speak. It struck him suddenly now; he started forward and looked. The second word of the four was "T T." By the common assumption, upon which he had worked all along, these two T's must refer to the same certain character. "T T" might, indeed, not be a word at all; it might be a number or a contraction. But the presumption was that it represented a word of two letters. Then, if the common assumption applied, this underlying word must be the double of some single letter. That was absurd on its face; no such combination, from *double a to double z*, forms any English word. Glenning caught at the suggestion with an eager flash; he cursed his own blindness, for not seeing it before. He saw that these two T's could not stand for the same thing—in other words, that the cipher must have been formed upon a variable plan; that a character might have different meanings, dependent upon its place in the sentence, or other pre-arranged relation. He saw how this might be easily done in a hundred ways. He tried the simplest possible—counting from the first letter one forward; from the second, two; from the third, three—and so on.

D-E, Q-S, P-S, I-M—Easm.

No; out again, d—bnt stop. *Is* that the simplest possible method? Hardly. The writer would naturally count forward; we must count back.

D-C, Q-O, P-M, I-E—*Come.*

Ha! He counted out the letters with a fierce haste.

—*Come on—all right.*

It was maddening. What could it mean? It frightened him to think; some devil's work, he felt sure. He tried the next words. The cipher had changed again; he saw what those numbers meant now—saw it, and cursed them. "(1)-(3)-(4). The (2) was doubtless gone with the part shredded off. These numbers meant four different ciphers prearranged.

Just then station master Farley came in and spoke to him something about a sick friend, and a request that Glenning would attend to any business that should come in for him, till he got back. Glenning tipped back in his chair, with his head thrown back, and his eyes staring up in the other's face. But while his eyes stared wide, his mind was all the while working away at the clumsy puzzle that yet had power to torment him intolerably. He nodded his head when Farley had done; but, when he had gone out, what semblance of an idea Glenning had of the whole was some dim notion that Farley wanted him to answer messages that might come in about the trains. Farley had told him something of a train off time; but of that he remembered nothing.

He worked on at the next four words. His whole being seemed to centre upon that one torn, crumpled, mud stained shred with its terrible hieroglyphics. He saw, knew, thought, felt, heard no other thing. After a while the familiar sound of a message struck upon his ear, and partly roused him. He took off the message mechanically:

"Where is the Lime Lake Mail?

He read it over and over. The words conveyed no meaning to his brain. What he did about it he knew not. The same message might have come many times, for all he knew then. What answer went back, or whether any, he knew no more.

He tried the words of the cipher back and forth, this way and that, over and over again. But he got the key at last—a stupid one enough—straight forward, counting four letters ahead.

"ALL RIGHT—COME ON. BE ON YOUR GUARD."

What could it all mean? He worked away at the rest, as one might work a problem in a nightmare dream. All else seemed dim and strange, and far away; men's voices, now and then; doors opening and closing again; once the bustle of a freight train going through. He heard these sounds in a strange jumble, without definite idea of their cause or meaning, and yet without surprise, like one in a real dream. There was little or no work for the wires. What there was he did without thought or understanding, with the machine like motions of long acquired habit.

Just then a telegram clicked off the wires. He sat a moment like one dazed; then the instinct of long habit moved him again, and he worked the instrument with his hand—God knows, not with his heart or brain.

He looked up at the clock on the shelf; it wanted five minutes of ten. He staggered out to the door, and let the cold rain drive upon his head.

III.

My name is William Thurlow Whipple. I have been a conductor on the Tidewater and Lime Lake Railway since the summer of '51. On the 21st of April last, I ran the Lindenbury Night Express out of Tidewater at seven o'clock. We had the "George Grant" engine, James Morris, driver, and nine cars in all. The distance from Tidewater to Lindenbury is sixty-three miles; we were due at L., at 10 :07.

At Wendall, fifteen miles out, we passed the East Branch Accommodation, bound in, on the switch. As we ran in, I saw Henry Brown, conductor of the Branch train, cross over and stand by our track. He did not see me yet when I hailed him:—

"Holloa there, Brown! What is the word?"

"That you, Whipple?" he called. "Telegram for you from Clark's."

There was no office at Wendall; Clarksville is the next up station. It was quite dark by this time; I read the message by the station lamps:

LINDENBURY, 7:05 P. M.

T. W. T. WHIPPLE, NIGHT EX., CLARKSVILLE.

Lake Mail off track between Fetterley and Glenbrook. Can't get on before 8. Come to Ashley—then look out.

MICHAEL FARLEY, S. M.

Farley was station master at L. Ashley was three stations ahead. We were due there at 8:02. I looked at my watch as we ran in. I recollect we were a minute ahead of time. I jumped down as we slowed, and ran ahead into the telegraph office. A message from Linden was waiting:

"Lake Mail off yet, west of the Junction. Come on till 9."

We ran on west, making good time. Glenbrook is twenty-two miles west of Lindenbury; we should have passed the Lake Night Mail at Winterville, next west of Clark's. I felt a little anxious about it as we thundered on through the darkness; there was no moon that night, and west of Wamona the sky was overcast, and the air full of misty rain.

It was five minutes past nine as we ran into Chairwell Station. I telegraphed to L. for orders. They came:

"All right. Come on."

The rails were slippery with the thick mist; we had lost time on a heavy upgrade, three miles back. I waited for no explanations, ran out, and started the train. At Wrexell, the East Branch Freight was due; the branch joins the main line at Glenbrook. I went forward and watched for her lights when the whistle blew at Blackman's Crossroads. There was the bright head light of the great "Sampson" freight engine, a mile away, waiting for us on the turn out. I stood on the engine steps as we ran in. As we came up with the "Sampson," and ran slowly past, I hailed the engineer:

"Hallowell! Holloa! Hear anything of the Lake Mail?"

"Passed Clannerlane at Glensbook. Had men to work on his feed pipes. Said he'd be right in half an hour."

Half an hour? He must be at Cunningham by this time—or Whewell's Bend at farthest. I telegraphed to Lindenbury:

"Where is the Lime Lake Mail?"

Directly the answer came:

"Come on. All right."

The same words over again. Not a word of that train ahead. It was strange; but we were behind time yet.

"Go head!" I called. "Make up lost time."

It was twenty-seven minutes past nine. We had nineteen miles yet to Linden. It was five miles to Brentford, the next station west.

At Brentford I telegraphed again:

"Where is the Lime Lake Mail?"

I knew the Brentford operator, of course; his name was John Murray. He sent off the message, repeating the words aloud:

"'Where is the Lime Lake Mail?'"

Waiting the reply, I asked him:

"Have you had any word of the Mail this side of the Branch?"

"Not a word. No messages west of here, except to you, since half after seven."

The returned message clicked off the wires. You may be sure I watched Murray's lips for the words. Again the very same:

"*Come on. All right.*"

Not a word more.

I had no time to wait. We were still a little behind. My duty was to make that up and obey my orders.

"Give me the slip," I said.

I had the other two in my pocket. I remembered that, and was thankful for so much. They would clear me, whatever happened. But, none the less, I was fretted by the thought of that off time train somehow ahead in the dark. I signalled Morris to increase the speed. I stood by a lamp and took out the three slips of telegraph paper. There was no mistake. I read each one over carefully. The words were plain: "All right. Come on."

You say I had no cause for such anxiety as I describe? that I was pretty close on time; the words of the telegrams simple and such as would naturally occur in such a case; that the same words should be repeated was no more strange than happens every day. You think I exaggerate for effect? I say you know nothing about it. I say it *was* strange that those words were three times repeated. It was strange that they should come at all in answer to my message; they did not answer my question. Hallowell said Clannerlane expected to be after him in half an hour. By that we should have met him at Brentford Station. I say I was horribly anxious; ten times more than I've written down. One says, I was mad to increase the speed, fearing what I did. I tell you I did my duty. I was bound to keep on time and obey my orders. They have no right to taunt me; it was bad enough without that. I say I did my duty. It was only three miles and a half to Hackerby. I was thankful to hear the whistle at the last cross roads. I was in the office before the train had stopped.

"Marks," I cried, "do you know where's the down mail?"

"No."

"Telegraph Linden; quick! 'For God's sake, where is the Lake Mail?'"

I thought the answer would never come. I longed and feared to hear it. Here is the slip now, with those same terrible words:

"*All right. Come on.*"

As Marks read those words, I broke out with a curse.

"What's the row?" he said. "Hold on. There's more."

I jumped at that.

"Go on. Quick!"

"All right. Come on. *Be on your guard!*"

I rushed out. Morris was watching. I waved my arm. The train moved on. It was scant four miles to Garrowfield, the last this side of Lindenbury. I went forward and looked out ahead. We were running pretty fast; thirty-five miles to the hour, I should say. We were up to our time at last. We were running through the Clitheroe Hills, the road winding up the valley of the Garrow; on the left the river flowed dark and silent. Now and then you caught a gleam from the gloomy current, here and there, the sound of its brawling over a stony bed. You saw the lights of a village, now and again, twinkling among the looming hills across the Garrow. Here we crossed a roaring culvert; then, the river running to the right, ran out on the high embankment at Mack's Ford, and so across by Half Mile Trestle Bridge.

I kept my eyes ahead; a horrible fear tormented me. That strange, four times repeated telegram tortured me. The words were constantly in my ears. I heard them in the roar of the rushing train—"*Come on, come on, come on!*" And those other added words; what could they mean? Why were we to *be on our guard?* Where could that Lake Train be? Why had they not sent me word? It was a terrible muddle altogether. In nine years' running on railway trains I had never known anything like it. All the messages had come from Linden. The Lindenbury telegrapher I had known for years. His name was Henry Gleaning, a tall, brown bearded man of twenty-nine or thirty. I say I had known him long; I do not mean that I was intimate with him, but that I knew him as one knows the men he meets every day. He was a superior man every way, as we railway men go. We all owned to that in a tacit way, and most of us liked and respected him much. He was the last man on the line that any of us would mistrust. Temperate, punctual, somewhat taciturn, he was always at his post and never made mistakes. Of late, he had grown more quiet than ever; it was evident that some secret trouble was wearing on him. His face had got a careworn look; we noticed a streak of gray here and there in his hair and beard. But, if anything, he was more faithful than ever in his work in the Linden office. Of course, we never spoke to him about the change in him, but we did among ourselves, and were all sorry for him, in our way.

Farley said it was his wife was leading him a sorry life of it. He had married, a year or two before, a girl from Caromel Corner, they said, name Mary Winton, I think. Only the day before, coming down with the Garrow and Glen Kilns Express, I had met Blissom, with the up mail, at Hackerby Station, and said to him:

"What's up with Glenning, now? He looks dreadfully cut up."

Blissom was Lindenbury man; I live in Tidewater myself.

"That Mary Winton's a leading Glenning a naggy tramp of it, I hear," says Blissom; he knew Mary before she was married. "They do say she's a tarrier to go on when her back's up, and gives it to Glenning all fired." Blissom was a good fellow, but rough.

But, as I said, Glenning seemed all the more faithful since his home troubles; never thought of courting him. So we plunged on through the darkness. We had a passenger car that night, as it uncommonly happened, directly behind the tender. I stood on the forward platform, and kept an anxious lookout. The air was full of a thick drizzle; our speed made a strong west wind there, outside. On we went, keeping our pace well up—we had no right to go ahead of time—through Sadler's Drop, in the Clitheroe Hills, out then into the level country beyond. As the whistle blew for Garrowfield Station, I passed back through the forward car. The telegraph office in Garrowfield is a little east of the platform. Seeing the passengers look hard at me, I then first noticed that my clothes were dripping wet. Near the rear end of the car, an Irish woman sat, with her head on the window, fast asleep. A shock her roughly; I helped the man might get down here. She started up with a confused flutter.

"This Hackerby, sir?"

"Last station back," I said. "You're too far on."

"Ow, thin, an' what'll iver I do?" says she. "Shure, Dennis is afther expictin' of me, an' he'll think I'm kilt intirely."

"You must get off here," I said. "Come, be quick." The train was beginning to slow speed.

"Shure, thin, sir," she pleaded, "It's mesilf has an own sisther, in a laundery in Lindingbury, itself. If ye'd be so kind to lit me down there. I haven't no money, sir; but I'd bring it ye bright in the marnin'."

"Can't do it," I said. We were close upon the station. I hustled her out, roughly enough, I suppose.

A gentleman, sitting by with his wife, had been watching us. I saw his face fire up as I hustled the woman out. He jumped up and faced me.

"What do you mean?" he says, ali hot. "It's a brutal shame to put the woman off in the night, in a strange town, with no money. Here, I'll pay her fare."

I pushed her through the door; gave him no answer. He held me by the arm.

"Your name?" he demanded, sternly. "Mine is Charles Holden. I'll report you."

I was not angry with him—he did not know.

"My name is William Whipple."

I saw a fellow I knew on the platform.

"Caley." I calls, "show this woman a decent lodging. Pay—I'll make it all right."

I telegraphed to Linden:

"Shall I come on? Why don't you send me word of the Lime Lake Mail?"

I don't think I breathed till the answer came:

"*Come on. Be on your guard.* GET HERE BY TEN."

Good heaven!—it was maddening. What could it mean?"

I rushed out, waved my arm madly to Morris.

"*Go on, there—quick!*" I yelled.

I ran ahead, and climbed up on the engine. I looked at my watch. It wanted six minutes of ten! I held the slip before his eyes. His face blanched white as a corpse.

"Good God, Whipple! it's seventy miles an hour!"

"I don't know what it means. It's some mad work. But we've got to obey orders. Drive like mad!"

I—ran through the train taking the fares. How could they laugh and talk? Every minute I heard the scream of the train ahead, that I dreaded as I shall never hear death. The speed increased steadily. The cars rocked on the springs. The passengers grew uneasy; the women looked fearfully one to another. Some men expostulated:

"Why are you running so fast? Do you want to murder us all?"

"We are ordered to be at Lindenbury by ten," I said. It wanted just four minutes. I saw the glare of Bell's Rolling Mills flash by—five miles and a half to L.!

I ran forward to the platform of the first car. By the forward door sat a lady, with a child in her lap, asleep—a little fair haired girl of three or four. I see it as plainly now as I write it then. I hardly know why; but little things that occurred that night seem burnt into my memory in colors of fire. I lie back now, here on this bed, where I have met, at strangers' hands, more true kindness and Christian courtesy than I had believed in before; and, shutting my eyes, I see that sweet child's face smiling in it's pure dreams, the mother's beautiful face brooding above it with a look of heavenly tenderness and love. I feel the heave of the lightning train, feel the car sway and spring with the terrible speed. I remember all, as I saw it hurrying through the car. I passed out on the platform. It wanted three minutes of ten. I knew we could not make it though Morris was driving on with every pound of steam. I saw him standing at the levers, brawny and stalwart against the glare of the head light, flying ahead on the track, one arm raised and grasping the lever, looking steadfastly forward, never turning his head to right or left. I knew what he looked for—only too well! I shudder and turn sick to think of it now.

Before heaven, it was awful. To stand out there in that rushing whirlwind, clinging as for your life in that swaying, hurling flight; to stare forward into that awful darkness; to strain your sight until you were dizzy and blind, and your eyes were fire; and yet not dare to close them, or turn away—deafened and stunned by that terrible jar and roar; heart and pulse faint with a horrible fear—the fear of sudden death!

Was I a coward?—who says it? May he be tried alike! God forgive me—what do I say? Pray heaven, no—that were a fiend's prayer. I do not say I did not care for myself. I did—who cares not for his life that is man? I thought of a little humble home sixty miles behind; of a little brown faced boy, smiling in happy sleep; of a dear heart bending over the crib, perhaps; sewing by the lonely lamp; praying for me, it might be, out of her pure, true heart. I thought of these, and I prayed to heaven to spare me to life and love. But more than of this, I say and I know, I thought of the hundreds that trusted to me for their lives—looked to me to see to it that they encountered no needless peril. To strain ahead into that awful gloom—to think and think of those poor souls in my charge—I swear it was a torment.

I lost all sense of time and place, in the intense strain of sight and thought. I could not say where we were; it seemed we were running for hours. I knew what I looked to see—what I feared with a horrible dread; I knew only that.

Morris never slackened the space; he drove his engine on with every pound of power. They tell me we made five miles in half a minute more.

Suddenly we leaped through a belt of deeper gloom; a heavy roll of thunder struck my ears with a stunning crash. I knew it was Merrill's Gap. The road lay level through the plain ahead to Climmerley Gap beyond. Half of the way was passed; we hurled on, terrible as fate.

Suddenly, out of the blackness of Climmerley Gap, there flashed—oh God!—a great, white light!

I went in then and shut the door.

They must have seen it in my face. When I turned and looked forward again, the lady with the child stood at my side. I shall never forget the look in her face; the child was clasped to her heart. "What is it?" she said.

She spoke in a whisper, more awful than any cry. The two engines screamed like charging demons; wheels reversed, and every brake hard down, we went staggering, shuddering, grinding on to our doom. But, through all that terrible din, I heard that awful whisper from those beautiful, bloodless lips.

I pointed forward to the great, white light, glowing down the line straight upon us.

"*It's death,*" I said.

She answered me not a word. She lifted the child to her face, then clutched it to her heart, "Louise, Louise!" she moaned, and sank back out of my sight.

I stood and looked ahead. At the first alarm, the fireman had jumped. Morris stood to his post. I saw him whistle down brakes, reverse his engine, set his bell ringing, do all that mortal could do. Then he stepped back, steadied himself, and leaped out into the dark. I saw it all; it was only a moment's time.

The terrible white light dashed straight upon us—that awful, blinding glare of death! I heard a horrible crash, like ten thousand cannon—like the rending of a world. I felt myself lifted and hurled through the air—knocked, battered, pounded, pressed, bruised, twisted, crushed, struck on the back, as with a steam whirled shaft. Then I was lying on the grass with a blinding glare in my eyes. I heard a low, weak moan. I turned my head—a woman lay close beside me with a child clasped tight to her heart. There was blood on the beautiful lips—both were dead.

I remember no more. Heaven spared me the rest of that horrible night. I was taken up for dead. They brought me here, to St. Stephen's, to this bed, where I have lain these six long months—long months and very weary, though all that gentleness and skilful hands could do has been done for me.

I have written papers with an account of the disaster. There is a sickening list of killed and maimed—so long that I shudder when I look. Among the dead, I read: John Blissom, driver, duff duty. Ellen M. Villers and child, Louise, of Glenbrook. Charles K. Holden, President of Clitheroe Bank. He knows me better now—where honor, and a brave, kind heart have found their just reward.

W. T. WHIPPLE.

ST. STEPHEN'S HOSPITAL, 19th October.

From the Tidewater Herald, 23d April.

The wretched operator, Henry C. Glenning, of Lindenbury, whose drunken folly caused the terrible disaster on the T. & L. L. R. R., night before last, hung himself in a barn near Climmerley Gap. The evidence at the coroner's inquest went to show that deceased had partaken freely of brandy on the evening of the collision, after he was already in a state of evident intoxication.

In another column of this morning's "Herald" we print the only full and reliable lists of the killed and injured. Among the latter, our readers will notice the name of Mrs. Mary Glenning, wife of the Lindenbury operator, who received "severe contusions of the head and face," and now lies at a farm house in a critical condition. Up to the present writing, the perpetrator of this terrible crime has his own wife for one of his victims. We learn that she intended to have taken the regular Down Night Express; but, being early at the station, and the night most unhappily, the belated Mail. Upon her person was found a though ticket from Hilary, next west of L., to Linden. She was identified by the station stand, by a Mr. Mason, an old and esteemed friend of the most unfortunate lady."

THE PRUNING.

Not to wound thee, lovely vine,
But thy strength to foster;
That, oh these fair boughs of thine,
Richer fruits may cluster,

Skillful hands must prune and train,
Guiding hands must lift thee;
Soon wilt thou reward my pains,
Beautiful and thrifty.

Not to grieve thee, heart of mine,
Doth thy dear Lord chasten;
But His wayward, trailing vine,
To His strength would fasten.

Not a leaflet would He crush,
Not a tendril sever—
Only teach thee how to grow
Fair and good forever.

Droop not thou, my gentle vine,
At my rugged dealing:
Soon will summer's breath of balm
Bring thee growth and healing.

Murmur not, O stricken heart,
At thy loving Master—
Thou shalt know His purpose wise
In the bright hereafter.

—*New York Observer.*

A FEW MAXIMS FOR GIRLS.

Never make your appearance in the morning without having first bathed, if only with a sponge and a quart of water, brushed and arranged your hair, and dressed yourself neatly and completely. Keep your clothing, especially your under-clothing, in perfect order. Never let pins do duty as buttons, or strings take the place of proper bands.

Examine every garment when it comes from the wash, and, if necessary, mend it with neatness and precision. Do not sew up the holes in your stockings, as we have seen some careless, untidy girls do; but take in a broad margin around the whole, be it small or large, with a fine darning needle and darning cotton, and cover the fracture with an interlaced stitch so close as to be as strong as the body of the stocking, and fine enough to be ornamental.

Stockings mended in this way need darning but a very few times in the course of their existence.

Never carry coarse embroidered or laced handkerchiefs. Fine, plain ones are much more lady-like.

Avoid open-worked stockings and very fancy slippers. Fine, plain white hose and black kid slippers, with only a strap or rosette in front, are more becoming.

Train yourselves to some useful occupation. Remember it is wicked to waste time, and nothing gives such an impression of vanity and absolute silliness as a habit of idling and never having anything to do.

If you are in your father's house, take some department of household labor upon yourself, and a part of the sewing, and make it your business to attend to it. Do not let a call from this idle girl, or a visit from that, or an invitation from the other, interfere with the performance of your duty.

Let your pleasures come in as the recreation, not as the business of your life.

If you want to marry, do not court or try to attract the attention of gentlemen. A little wholesome indifference, real or assumed, will be much more likely to accomplish the object. Consider, moreover, that it is better to be a woman than a wife, and do not degrade your sex by making your whole existence turn on the pivot of matrimony.

If you can, cultivate to perfection some art by which you can gain an independent livelihood. Do it whether there is necessity for it or not. Do it quietly, if you will, but do it. There is no telling when or under what circumstances you may need it.—*Demorest.*

☞ The phrase "he don't know beans" originated thus: The Greeks used to vote by ballot, but instead of "straight" Republican or Democratic tickets they used white and black beans which corresponded to our white and black balls. A black bean opposed the election of a candidate; a white bean counted so much in his favor. These beans the citizens carried in their pockets, and when a man was undecided which way to vote, it was said of him that he did not "know beans." Hence it will be seen that a very unpleasing and ridiculous phrase becomes really expressive when we know its origin and true significance.

☞ "We see," said Swift, in one of his most sarcastic moods, "what God thinks of riches by the people he gives them to."

From the Commercial Bulletin.

LIFE INSURANCE,

—AND—

HOW I WAS DRAWN INTO IT.

—"the Life thereof, ye shall not eat of it."
—*Mosaic Law.*

BY GREYSTONE.

An earnest looking individual entered the office, some weeks since, and approaching the desk inquired very politely for Mr. Greystone.

"My name, sir," was the reply; "what can I do for you?"

"Excuse me," he said, "I called to see what I could do for *you*. With your permission, if you are not engaged, I would like to take your Life."

"What, sir?" I exclaimed, a little start'ed.

"No offence," was the mild rejoinder, "only a playful remark, evincing my interest in your welfare. Are you insured?"

"Ah, that's it! No sir, I am not insured, and don't mean to be, and don't wish any light upon the subject. I have read and talked that thing up and down, long ago, and nothing that you or anybody else can say will alter my mind. I don't want to hear the word mentioned; saying which, I returned to my writing, not without inward compunctions for my rudeness.

Supposing him to be annihilated, I was surprised at the coolness of his tone, as, instead of retiring, he came nearer, with—

"Sir, I understand your case perfectly; you are what we call a rare specimen. We shall be better acquainted by and by. Indeed, in the abundant facilities we enjoy for choosing our risks, we prefer your sort—the adamantine. Besides paying a trifle better to agents than ordinary putty, they are worth more to the office, on account of native tenacity. It gives me pleasure to meet you."

Whereupon he opened a memorandum book showing lists of Policies with marginal notes,—"obdurate," "sceptical," "mellow," and so on. "Yes," he observed, "these are the trophies of professional assiduity. All more or less retiring like yourself. You wonder at my success? It is because I look upon every live adult in ratable health as my client, and the means by which I live. When I decide to take a certain risk I consider it booked."

"The consent of the other party is a formality which I am always willing to defer till such time as is most agreeable or convenient. I never hurry a man beyond his usual speed, since nothing but *death* or a *polic